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ERRATICS:

BY A SAILOR;

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CONTAINING

RAMBLES IN NORFOLK,

AND ELSEWHERE.

In which are interspersed,

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE LATE

ATTEMPTS TO REVIVE THE

CROMWELLIAN OBSERVANCE

OF THE SABBATH.

TOGETHER

WITH SOME HINTS

ON THE PRESENT PERNICIOUS

MODE OF BURYING THE DEAD;

AND

A REMEDY PROPOSED.

QUO VIRTUS QUO FERAT ERROR?

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1800.



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DEDICATION.

TO

ICENIA,

GODDESS OF NORFOLK.

MADAM,

MAY our dumplings become unnutricious, our turkies unflavoured, and our turnips poisonous, when I, your child and citizen, cease to celebrate these your staple productions.

Dear Parent-Beauty of a land of beauties, may your fields ever flourish! May your sons rival in arts and in arms the renown of their honourable forefathers! May your daughters be as felicitous as they are fair! the virgins successful in ingenuous love! the matrons modest and matchless, like yourself!

Dear provincial Parent, perpetual protectress of a grateful progeny, press, Oh! press me to your
maternal

maternal bosom!—An *Erratic Rambler*, after various aberrations, flies in filial rapture to your hallowed arms!

Your sons, *Icenia*, with varied success, bring to their native soil, and place at your parent-foot, the pledges of their fortune and their love.

Your darling Nelson brings to you the deathless trophies of the vanquished Nile!—I bring the humble offering of this Tribute-Book.—

Although distant far in value and in fame, my tributary trifle shall not be unwelcome to your hand and your heart; and your magnanimous *Tar* will not disdain to spare me a portion of our Mother's love:—

The Hero shall live for ever!

The Author shall not die to-morrow!

I am, dear Parent,

in all Duty and Devotion,

your affectionate

ERRATICUS.

INTRODUCTION,

(WHICH WILL SERVE ALSO FOR A PREFACE.)

AFTER the renowned battle of the *Dogger Bank*, between *Admiral Parker* and the *Dutch* fleet, the *British Chieftain* finished his *official letter* by recommending to his Sovereign's favour the gallant seamen he had the honour to command:---the *Dutch Admiral* concluded *his*, by recommending to his Masters, their High Mightinesses, *Himself*.

These *Erratics* are, in that single respect, perfectly *Dutch*: therefore, to their High Mightinesses *the Public*, the Author begs to introduce and recommend *himself*.

This Book, being frequently provincial, casually topographical, and designedly miscellaneous, may perhaps have the honour to please more than the taste of one or two readers.

The taste of the times demands variety: this *Olio of Hodge - Podge Erratics* will probably rank, with some respect, amongst those *E'toiles Erratiques* of circulating Literature, which amuse at intervals of suspended contemplation on the *fixed stars* of Science and Erudition.

The performance proves that the writer is incapable of giving offence; it may catch for a moment the smile of the liberal; but is too innocent to incur a severity of criticism.

As

As to the Author's conversion of the adjective *Erratic* into a titular *substantive*, he is not solicitous to justify it by examples, although he might easily enough discover them. The manufactory of words can never be reprehensible, since it has been *Johnsonian*. Besides, he acts upon navy usage; and as every ship takes her bird, so every author makes his word.

It is not unlikely to be remarked, that the writer was resolved, at all events, to make a *Book*. This charge he feels no reluctance to admit.

It may, moreover, be added, that he was actuated by the same principle as the man who demanded a gun :--- *Give me a gun; only let me have a gun, and I'll be bound to kill somebody*. Even to this construction he has no objection, as he shall think

think himself a bad shot indeed if his Book hits *nobody*.

Should it be objected that the subjects on *burying the Dead* and *Body-stealing*, are irrelevant to topography and sea-bathing, it must be answered, That had the Book been consistent, it could not have been denominated *Erratic*; and *that* the Author was determined to call it, because there are not a few who think less of a book itself than of the quaintness and eccentricity of its title.

Having been many years in a department of the British navy, the writer is justified in calling himself a *Sailor*, although he does not affect to be a *Seaman*: his life has been more than commonly *Erratic*, as chance has made him a spectator of a great variety of services in different parts of the globe.

Having,

Having, at different times, on his return from sea-duty, been both entertained and instructed from the *London and Westminster Library*, he determined upon commencing a trip to the north-east part of our island to write his remarks (although really and previously addressed to a friend) for the literary latitude of *Holborn*

Possibly, *Messrs. Ogilvy's* numerous Friends and Subscribers may confer upon the *Erratics* an attention and celebrity, which their intrinsic merit cannot otherwise be vain enough to expect.

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some other districts of the island, and hope
to revisit you and your charmingly-remem-
bered family with renovated health and spirits.

ERRATICS.

My paper shall be kept with all the accuracy
of old friendship, and I shall be on the
constant watch for all information that
can be picked up in our tour worthy of
communication to you and our old club-

LETTER I.

Nothing more than common place occur-
red from a person of my pursuits, any-
thing more than common place occur-
red from a person of my pursuits, any-
thing more than common place occur-

Yarmouth, Norfolk, June, 1800.

DEAR OLD MESSMATE,

TOWN-bustle and town-smoke
having wearied and suffocated me; I have
flown from the heat of a Westminster
June, to taste the elastic breezes of this
airy coast and well ventilated town. I
mean to swallow my summer-dose of ethe-
real and restorative zephyr partly in this
vicinity of the North Sea, and partly in

B

some

some other districts of the island, and hope to revisit you and your charmingly-amiable family with renovated health and spirits.

My promise to you over our parting bottle shall be kept with all the sincerity of old friendship, and I shall be on the constant watch for all information that can be picked up in our tour worthy of communication to you and our old club-mates. Neither you nor they will expect from a person of my pursuits, any thing more than common-place occurrences, narrated in plain and simple language: the same social and reciprocal freedom that has reigned for many years between us, will authorize me to address you and our friends with spontaneous and unstudied plainness, and will prompt you and them to receive and interpret my communications with your usual and partial indulgence. The intercourse of friendship, personal or epistolary, needs not the verbal flourish of address, and disdains the
trappings

trappings of the polished period, or the stiff-starch'd systematic sentence. You and I have been too long accustomed to the frank humour of *ward-room* society to study at this time of day the ornamental display of neat and trim expression: our conversation, like the cut of our clothes, is calculated for the comfort of life, warm, snug, and fitting; marked neither by the puppyism of decoration, nor the singularity of caprice.

My steady old chaise-horse at passing through Whitechapel-Bar, testified his joy at a liberation from fog and coal-smoke, from the hartshorn effluvia of his hot-house livery-stable, and from his diurnal excursions in the *rus in urbe* environs of the capital. On snuffing the halcyon breezes of Epping Forest, as we approached Rumford, he capered with an elasticity marvellously juvenile; and, I must confess, I participated most sympathetically in the

frisky sensations of that valuable and veteran adherent.

I shall not trouble you much with the dry uninteresting sameness of our journey down, although I think it but fair to inform you that our party did not forget your health amongst our London acquaintances at the different towns where we stopped for travelling-refreshments. As you know all the company, you will give us due credit both for such remembrance and the cordial sincerity of it.

The first post-town at which we passed a night, was the airy, cheerful, *Chelmsford*. Never, surely, did so short a removal from Charing-Cross-bustle and city-clamour so sweetly repay a search after fresh breezes and rural tranquillity: not that this thoroughfare market-town was sunk in any torpid apathy, or stupid solemnity: no, far from such lethargic lifelessness, all was vivacity, gaiety, and gratification. At the
top

top of the hill, a mile short of the town, the melody of the church-bells saluted our ravished ears with sonorous and softened harmony : the sweet western breeze, which, had it been stronger, would have wasted away this cheerful concerto, by its temporary and frequent lulls allowed it to flow with a mellowed fullness on our senses : when, for a few seconds, it had winged away its fleeting, fainting softness to the eastward, the respiring peal briskly rushing back as the zephyr retreated, resumed its wonted possession of the ear, and re-ascertained its influence and its charms. Having descended the hill, and passed a dismal, dirty suburb, disgustingly disgraceful to it, we crossed the *Chan* over a very different bridge to that which I recollect here twenty years ago. The present bridge is no less an honour to the county than a *gaol* not many years erected, which is at once highly respectable as an architectural embellishment and a provincial accommodation. In viewing edifices of this descrip-

tion, necessarily leading sensibility to painful reflections, how much are those reflections mitigated in this our land of true humanity, by a conviction that every alleviation is provided for the sufferings of the unfortunate, and even improvident debtor ! nay, for the less pitiable lot of the felonious offender ! Every feeling Briton looks at such meliorated mansions of confinement with national and proud satisfaction, and while he venerates the virtues, glories in the name and fame of *Howard* !

As we entered the market-place we found drawn up on its parade a regiment of militia ; the band was in the act of executing a piece of martial music. The Essex lasses, who yield not to the fair charmers of Lancashire in the *bewitching* exhibition of personal beauty, dressed in the present fascination of long and Grecian drapery which has so rationally superseded the detestable *costume* of squeezed and lengthened waists, bell-hoops, and stiff stays,

stays, formed a bright and interesting part of the evening spectacle; and the respectable inhabitants, mingled with the regimental officers in social converse, together with the calm serenity and the glowing beauties of the season, rendered the *tout-ensemble* an attractive and delicious gratification. A good inn, a good dinner, and a good bottle, did not diminish our relish of the scene.

After all, then, it seems, that in rustic tranquillity, remote from the toil and turmoil of a crowded metropolis, far from both the splendors and the stenches of the town, true and genuine enjoyment is alone to be found: so, indeed, says the resident ‘*in populous cities pent.*’—But (cries the husbandman in his fields) I long to taste the joys of a London life, the endless and ever gay varieties of Bond Street bustle; I pant to exchange these rows of oaks and elms for streets of brilliant lamps; and the constant clackings of that neighbouring

mill for the rattlings and clatterings of coaches.—Perhaps, my old friend, the truth lies somewhere between the two ; confinement in town gives a zest to country excursions ; a seasonable rustication returns a man with a better relish for town-avocations ; therefore, kind Heaven, I say, grant me the power to change one for the other as often as I please !

Dear Sir,

Yours truly.

LETTER II.

Yarmouth, June, 1800.

DEAR SIR,

I shall not bore you with any topographical or antiquarian remarks on the situation and history of this place : the numerous tourists who have visited every avenue and angle of the kingdom, and
scribbled.

scribbled about the very lanes and hedgerows of provincial geography, will sufficiently instruct you on such points : men and manners will be more the topic of these letters ; and I shall be more solicitous to tell you something about the *Norfolcians* of the present day, than to fatigue you with stale remarks upon the *Iceni*, the *East Anglians*, and the *Cerdic Sand*. I shall endeavour to prove to you, that if *nullus in orbe locus Baiis præluet amænis*, the modern Yarmouth Bath is one of those *amænitates*, rather than expatiate upon the ancient *Gariononum* ; and shall substitute the present *Volunteer Cavalry* of the district for the garrison of *Stablesian Horse*.

It may not however be amiss just to remark, that the approach to this town is distinguished by no striking features of beauty or embellishment : the natural face of the country must be considered as uninteresting and undignified ; on the left a level of meadow, insipid and flat ; and
were

were it not relieved by the watery level on the right, *the sea*, by which the *sombre* effect is somewhat palliated, the entrance would be fatiguing, disgusting, and intolerable: the river, however, which is on the right, and separated from the sea by another extensive level of sand, being at present well filled with Dutch small craft, brought in by our *North Sea cruizers*, has an air of gaiety, which is much heightened by the vivacity of the town itself, now crowded with brisk and gallant tars, formed in the illustrious school of the meritorious and victorious *Duncan*.

The first sentiment that suggests itself to a reflecting mind, on a view of this exhibition of naval bustle, is a consideration whether the war, the fleet, the army, the influx of strangers, the altered scenes, and vitiated manners of the people, warped from the occupations of *commercial shipping*, introduced and familiarized to the bolder exertions of *fleets of war*,—whether
this

his great change may be eventually injurious or beneficial to a port and neighbourhood subjected to its important influence. I shall give you, in the course of these letters, my idea of its effects here ; but, it is right to observe, that *Yarmouth* is not only enlivened at present by the flags and pendants of the *North Sea fleet*, but is, in addition, animated by groups of its annual and casual visitors, who have judiciously distinguished it as a healthy, cheerful, and charming *bathing-place*.

The advantages derived from a fleet being stationed here, are temporary and partial : the consequences of it may be lasting ; but I much question whether they will be proportionally beneficial.—To inn-keepers, shopkeepers, lodging-letters, carriage-letters, gardeners, market-men in particular, and perhaps to all tradesmen in general, it may be the source of convenience and of wealth ; but, I am far from clear that other inhabitants will be much

befriended by it, either in their pockets or
 their morals : it evidently enhances the
 price of provisions and necessaries of life.
 How far the return of peace may restore
 the markets to their past more moderate
 prices, remains to be proved. The emo-
 luments made by a war in other ports, par-
 ticularly in Portsmouth, Plymouth, and
 Chatham, are of a different nature : Yar-
 mouth is a port properly commercial : hap-
 py, possibly, would it be were it exclu-
 sively so ; but, if this port should sustain
 from the necessity of war any ultimate dis-
 advantages of a moral consideration, it will
 have a very proud and pre-eminent claim
 to its portion of glory in the contest, as,
 independently of its having been the im-
 mediate depôt for the triumphs of *Duncan*
 and the ships of *de Winter*, the town and
 the neighbourhood have furnished many
 gallant mariners and landmen, who bravely
 won their share of that provincial renown
 which *Norfolk* and her numerous *Nelsons*
 obtained

obtained in our unparalleled mass of naval and national triumphs.

The gains to the inhabitants of the King's ports, to which I have above alluded, are natural and permanent: the dock-yards afford an employment and support to which the people have been long habituated: war, however protracted, is to them a glorious harvest, and a golden one; and even in the *piping-times of peace*, they do not reap scantily, as the yards, guard-ships, and ships in ordinary, afford an infallible, although a more moderate subsistence. There they are "*natives (of the navy) and to the custom born.*"

It requires no very logical investigation to ascertain that, to the morals of a country at large, military assemblages are but unfriendly; more particularly to the female (and inferiorly female especially) part of the community, are they recordedly perilous: but of this, more hereafter.

How

How far this land of beauty is susceptible of contamination, it is not for me to decide: *Norfolk* is the favoured domain of Venus: there the goddess reigns in triumph and imperial splendor: the exterior attractions so allowedly fascinating and irresistible, are reported to be unfulled from all cruel reserves of rigid and repulsive resistance; and the bright eyes that glisten with such unrivalled brilliancy, are said to be accompanied by hearts sympathetically animated by a correspondent sensibility.

On visiting this town, the first thing that meets and charms a stranger's eye, is its matchless and universal cleanliness: the first thing that assaults and offends his ear is its provincial and disgusting jargon: these two properties are a part of a *Norfolk*-man's patrimony; they are as much his own as his features and his limbs; and he can no more dispossess himself of the one than he can exist without the other.

No

No people look so cleanly ; no people speak so basely ! These are their characteristics, not only while attached to their spot of nativity, but they are as irremoveable as the marks of nature impressed on the human countenance, as indelible as the shades of complexion that diversify the various mortals of the globe.

If a *Norfolcian* quits his (or her) home, and gratifies his curiosity and passion for travelling (which desire is extremely predominant amongst them) the above-mentioned particulars adhere to him as inseparably as the natural propensities of his constitution : he could as soon relinquish his taste for his staple turnip, dumpling, or turkey, as he could exchange his provincial *patois* for the national language of England. If he has passed his puerile and juvenile years up to manhood in his native county (unless it has been his good fortune to belong to parents and a circle above the general class) no care, no application,

cation, no attention, no observation, no imitation, can divest him of his inharmounious and monotonous dialect.

The other property, the virtue, the cardinal virtue of cleanliness, is no less a systematic part of his construction. Your and my long and intimate acquaintance and connection with our army and navy, enables us to judge from experience on this point; that experience justifies my asserting, that in both services I have seen no greater examples of a habit so salutary in regiments, and so indispensable in ships; more cleanly, more active soldiers and sailors, and consequently more healthy ones, I have never seen; and that very useful corps, whose gallant services we have witnessed on repeated occasions, the brave, alert, amphibious *marines*, has been most liberally recruited with excellent men from this quarter of the kingdom.

Whatever faults a Norfolk soldier may
be

be stigmatized for, and for which he may merit and meet repeated punishments, he will be sure to incur neither reproof nor chastisement on the score of neglect in the article of cleanliness: if drunken and quarrelsome, brawling and boxing, he plunges into various broils, and is rolled over and over in kennels, he will no sooner repossess the use of his reason and regain his sobriety, than he will refresh the disasters of his person, and repair the neatness of his dress; and although the effects of his misconduct may be ignominiously portrayed on his visage by the obvious and odious black eye, and the mutilated features of his disfigured visage, yet, never will he be detected by the dirt or disorder of foul and filthy apparel.

If this deeply-rooted and habitual attention to personal purity is notorious and invariable amongst the men, no less is it the general characteristic of the females; they are pre-eminent in the practice of it,
even

even in their own county, which is the nurse and mother of this valuable and attractive quality: it pervades every house, and every member of every house: it prevails from the withdrawing-room of affluence to the sanded hovel of penury: from the splendid carpet of nobility to the brick-floored cottage of the peasantry. Indeed, I ought rather to say, that the floors of the houses here might serve as patterns of snow-white purity for the table-cloths attached to the most delicate and luxurious repasts; and even a nice appetite might not disdain to feed upon those boards on which the foot almost fears to tread. The result of the predominant passion for immaculate purification and superlative polish, although the just theme of merited commendation, is not altogether to be exempted from censure and objection, on some occasions; like many of its kindred virtues, pursued to an over-refined perfection, it is too apt to soar to an over-righteous excess, and then it runs mad. When it thus runs
away

away with its possessor (a petticoat possessor especially) it becomes, literally speaking, a *rage*. To violate the spotless mansion by a half-scraped boot; to defile a chair (which to say the truth might often be mistaken for the polish of a mirror) with the wet flap of a horseman's coat; to discomfit the floor by the ferrule of a dirty cane; to offend in the minutest punctilio of exactness against this *rage*, is to incur the displeasure, the censure, and, not improbably, the blunt reproof of the hostess. The fair forms of the country, which to be admired are only to be beheld, and the number of whose charmers is to be exactly computed by the amount of its women, these fair forms become suddenly distorted by fury, and dragonized in feature; the lilies of beauty become livid, and the roses purplized, from resentment at these trifling peccadilloes: the *rage* o'erpowers all the sex's softness, and subdues the suavity of soul that "*gives to beauty's self an added charm.*"

Here,

Here, however, I am to be understood as alluding principally to the middling and lower classes of society: in superior stations the severity of reprobation can be but rarely excited, as the trespassers against expected decorum cannot but be unfrequent. In all ranks, however, the *rage* more or less exists; and where the attachment to it, all prevalent as it is, is regulated by the refinement of liberal education, and softened down by an intercourse with civilized society, it gives a zest to all the domestic comforts of life, and the gratifying consequence is, that every habitation is a terrestrial paradise; the apartments, the furniture, the table-service, the plate, the vessels and the viands, the distribution of utensils, the arrangement of equipage, the demeanor of domestics, the whole interior of habitation, the external order of the offices, the invariable polish of systematic neatness pervading every part, pleases while it surprises, and makes itself general by its universal attraction.

I am, &c.

LETTER III.

Yarmouth, June, 1800.

DEAR SIR,

The other characteristic to which my last letter adverted, namely the *dialect*, must not be admitted without some reserve, nor regarded as an indiscriminate trait. Early removal from its baneful influence, and separation, long-continued, from his family and county, together with a constant residence in a circle uncontaminated by any *brogue* or *patois*, may preserve a young man from such provincial expression, which, however, once fully contracted, can no more be shaken off than persons deformed can rectify the curves and twists of their figure, or the visage martyred by the ravages of the small-pox can smooth itself down to the velvet level of infantine softness.

I am not here alluding to *words*, but to *accent*: improper words, few besides the uneducated

uneducated can obtrude upon any subject ; but the best words in the most educated mouth, may be tortured into harsh and discordant, into coarse, inelegant, and provincial vulgarisms. In the *correspondence* of a scholar, indeed, it would be difficult and rare to trace provincialisms ; but, if that scholar has never moved from his own county, and been more conversant with his books and unrefined neighbours than with the world and the refined assemblies of it, you may trace, with much regret, notwithstanding his literary attainments, the strong impression of vulgar and provincial language in his *conversation*. — Perhaps it may be asked, Is this imputation more merited in Norfolk than in other counties ? Yes : I beg to answer Yes. Yorkshire excepted, Yes.

And here it is to be observed, that this same Norfolk brogue offends principally from its *monotony* rather than from any twang or violent emphasis, or accent : it
has

has not the deep northern *burr* of Durham, the *buzz* of *Zomerzetshire* and the west, nor the slovenly slip-slop of Suffex; it has nothing of the w^d v, or the v^d w of the Cockney: it has less nerve than even the madrigal *sing-song* of its neighbouring Suffolk: the *drone* of the Lancashire bagpipe is quick elastic *alento* to it; it is all sameness, tameness; insipidity, frigidity—water-gruel without salt,—chalk-talk: *caput mortuum*.

Such is the monotonous, passionless, expressless tastelessness of the language of the Norfolk vulgar! Who is the man that submits to be drawn into the humiliating vortex of that very extensive appellation? But you and I, old messmate, who are accustomed to pronounce *that* vulgar which we really think so, whether at St. James's or St. Giles's, and are apt to call *a spade a spade*, we have often had to lament when we have seen real talents, even those annexed to professional excellence and extensive

tenfive acquirements, aided by popular favour, and rewarded by unbounded success, we have seen all these degraded in public exhibition by a gross and disgusting provincialism of delivery.

To hear his Honour, a very high law-officer, flourishing away in pure *Cheshire*, with his *anny and mianny*, is as mortifying to every admirer of that character's legal and senatorial accomplishments, as it is gratifying to hear a classical and learned law-lord, presiding over a high court, pouring the irresistible torrent of his eloquence in strains *all but* divested of northern and national pronunciation.

Not a client in Britain but might safely place his cause in the remaining hand of a learned barrister, a King's counsel, the loss of whose arm is fully compensated to him by the valuable properties of his head and the amiable qualities of his heart ; but, to see one's cause successful under his able conduct,

conduct, and at the same time to hear the logical argument untuned and tormented by the monotonous and monstrous notes of his nerveless neutral Norfolk, is a derogation from legal celebrity; it is the dought of a dumpling dimming the dazzle of a diamond. But, who are we to blame for such drawbacks on professional pretension? *Parents!* How are children to be preserved from the influence of such infection? Send them away—send them away as soon as they can speak, at least as soon as they can speak plainly. Send them away to the national schools of Eton and Westminster at a proper age: avoid provincial education as you would shun malignant and putrid contagion: if they cannot be spared, either on the ground of purse or affection, they must remain at home and talk Norfolk, Yorkshire, &c.; and although they will inevitably speak inelegantly, they may, without doubt, speak honestly, and much to the purpose.

That early removal will prevent it, and

C

that

that a return after a certain time may not induce this disparagement to the accomplishments of a Gentleman, is incontestably proved by the correct, chaste, and perfect language of a very finished character from this county, whose style, utterance, delivery, and elocution, are entirely free from the allay of provincial accent, and exhibit an elegant standard for the gentry not only of his own district, but the kingdom at large: such is the classical purity of language that graces the every-day conversation, as well as the parliamentary orations of the present Secretary at War: a purity that exalts the excellence of his native language, and gives an added force even to the energies of argument and truth. I am aware that you will instantly call to mind five or six expressions of this animated senator that have been pretty well mauled by the diurnal critics; but, in some future letter, perhaps, I may undertake to prove to you that some of them were the best and most apposite expressions

expressions that could be used ; and that, as to some of the others, *he never used them at all.*

Another very distinguished character from this county, lately high in the law, or to speak with Anglo-Gallic fashionableness, an *ex* or *ci-devant* chancellor, is also unblemished in his language, at least as far as respects county accent ; and as to those embellishments of asseveration with which Fame reports his conversation to be so replete, they are only to be esteemed as street and road expletives, which rarely accompany him off the *troïtoir*, or beyond his hedge-rows.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

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LETTER

LETTER IV.

Yarmouth, 1800.

DEAR SIR,

I could save you the trouble of reading a great deal of my own trash, by sending you a little pocket-volume, denominated the *Norfolk Tour*, published at *Norwich* by an ingenious, industrious, and patriotic bookseller, who has done himself and his native province very great credit by so commodious and compendious a publication. I shall, necessarily, trench a little on this work ; therefore, it is but fair to the author, Mr Beatniffe, to say thus much before I am guilty of any plagiarisms from his book. However, believe me, I entertain too much respect for the laborious race of topographers to pilfer a single leaf from the wreath of their fame ; and I shall no farther avail myself of this honest bibliopolist's

bibliopolist's compilation than may be necessary to aid me in some little excursions into the county from these my present head-quarters. He has skimmed the cream of his topographical predecessors, and has arranged a pretty epitome from *Martin, Browne, Mackrel, Swinden, Blomefield, Spelman*, and *Camden*, names sufficiently celebrated in antiquarian research, to give due value and weight to his useful volume, had his portable and approved publication possessed even less intrinsic excellence than is justly attributed to it by his countrymen and fellow-citizens.

It is, to be sure, very little worth your while or mine, at our time of day, to enter deeply into critical enquiries about etymologies and vague traditions: it is very immaterial whether the present beautiful little town of Yarmouth was anciently distinguished by the *Saxon* name of *Jier-mud*, and whether that appellation signifies the mouth of the *river Yare*: nor is it of

any present consequence to ascertain that a neighbouring noble vestige of a castle was the *Roman garrison* for the *Stablesian horse*: it is more convenient for our purpose, and all-sufficient for our chit-chat conversation and loose digressive correspondence, to remark, that the present *Yarmouth* is a proud link of that grand chain of national defence which has established, to the honour of our country, the admiration of Europe, and the dismay of our enemies, one glorious and incontrovertible truth: a truth consolatory to every true Briton of the present day, and which will be as illustrious and unquestionable with all posterity. That great truth is, that *Britain is a country of honour*. By her faith to herself, she has preserved herself; and, if the famous *Garianonum* was the terror and the scourge of ancient *northern piracy*, no less has the *Yarmouth* of the eighteenth century had the recent renown of restraining and chastizing modern *Batavian democracy*. If the Normans, the Huns, the Vandals,

Vandals, and the Goths, by their incursions on the territories of Rome, caused to be called home from this our *East Anglian province* the legions here stationed, to succour and save the mother-country, no less have the Dutch Vandals been crushed in their audacious coalition with our Gallic foes by the triumphant flag of *Camperdown Duncan*: a coalition that would have assailed us in the most precious *depôts* of our national security. “*I will dine at the London Tavern* (exclaimed *Pichegru*) *that I may be at hand to unlock the Bank!*”—“*We will be with you, General* (said the heroes of the *Texel*);—*we have long had an eye upon the house in Threadneedle-Street.*”—“Fight (said old *Duncan*) Fight, gentlemen, and then follow in my wake to *Yarmouth!*”—They fought—and they followed in his wake.

I would not run an odious or a boasting parallel, but I cannot resist the inclination to pursue for a moment a comparison that

flashes on my mind; and invites my pen as I am scribbling away to you, my old messmate, in the free and unrestrained openness of habitual and confirmed frankness: I yield to the temptation, and I must pursue the similitude. After a residence of nearly four centuries in this island, the *Romans* passed from hence, at the summons of their government, to oppose the vigorous attacks of *northern ravagers*.

With the native Italians, naturally bound to the protection of Rome, their mother and their mistress, justly claiming their filial and prompt protection, with these the progeny of the *original invaders* and conquerors of our country; with these, the colonies of usurpation and tyranny; with these formidable Italians, these ferocious forgers of our chains, numerous levies of *British youths* quitted their native shores to fight the battles of men who had invaded those shores to subject them to the Cæsars (*Seizers* I would have said, but

but that I know you hate a pun) of
Rome.

Thus England was deserted by her natural defenders: the country was exposed to the freebooters of any nation that had the strength and the rascality to molest her unguarded shores: the *Cerdics* and the *Cendrics* of Saxony led the way. At this our *Jiermud*, or *Yarmouth*, they made a first and fatal impression; the *Iceni*, then as now, and ever brave, but then surprised, fought valiantly, and were subdued completely. I wish this letter was of consequence enough to be read at the Royal Exchange—not, indeed, that it might receive the honour of ignition from the hands of the hangman, but that it might, however feebly, address this ancient anecdote of *British infatuation* to some *Anglo-Gallicans* of the present day. The writer of these plain remarks would say to them, “Oh read this account of your ancestors, and
 “impress on your hearts and souls its con-

“ sequences, ye misled Britons of the pre-
 “ sent day ! What are the points you would
 “ wish to push and carry by foreign trea-
 “ ties, foreign principles, and foreign
 “ bayonets ?—Would you admit the *Cer-*
 “ *dics* and *Cendrics* of *Hoche*’s army to re-
 “ gulate the finances and police, and to
 “ moralize your wives and daughters ? Is
 “ the pretty question of a kirk or a church
 “ to sway your minds between the ex-
 “ tremes of salvation or destruction ? Is a
 “ paltry consideration about a trumpety
 “ test-act to introduce the buccaneer but-
 “ chery of a French army ? Will you bar-
 “ ter *Portsmouth* for a coalition with *Brest* ?
 “ Do you want a Paris Directory, or a
 “ Paris Consulate to establish at your huf-
 “ tings a general suffrage ? Who has con-
 “ vinced you that Buonaparte, or Berthier,
 “ or Beelzebub, are invaders less to be dread-
 “ ed than Citizen Cerdic, or Patriot Cen-
 “ dric ? Is there any thing more captivat-
 “ ing in the musical and magical sounds
 “ of Conscription, Requisition, Domiciliary
 “ Visit,

“ Visit, *a la lanterne*, *ça ira*, and *vive la*
 “ *guillotine*, than in Saxon Servitude and
 “ Servile Subjection?”

“ Oh! but, perhaps, you wish to be fra-
 “ ternized! You wish to take your stand
 “ in the ranks of your new (new indeed to
 “ Britons!) friends; probably you look
 “ upon this sort of fraternity as much the
 “ same innocent recreation as free-mason-
 “ ry, and expect to build your airy castles
 “ of liberty, *hand in hand*, with these affec-
 “ tionate and honourable coadjutors! you
 “ can see none but friends and deliverers in
 “ these motley bands, which the majority
 “ of your old-fashioned countrymen have
 “ sworn, on the altar of patriotism, to anni-
 “ hilate. Arm in arm, precious reformers,
 “ you would walk to the Bank and to the
 “ Tower with your Gallic guests. Now,
 “ friend *Humbert*, help yourself; here is
 “ gold, there artillery: there is more
 “ where this comes from; pray, do not
 “ consider yourselves as *strangers*: we hope
 C 6 “ you

“ you will have the goodness to make
 “ yourselves *perfectly at home*.—Dear Bro-
 “ ther *Tate*, now you are at last landed
 “ in Wales, pray do not let your native
 “ modesty prevent you from accommodat-
 “ ing yourself and this patriot band that
 “ has followed you for our rescue, and to
 “ teach us the fashion of the red cap of li-
 “ berty. We must insist upon it, citizens,
 “ that in this instance you will drop the esta-
 “ blished rules of French politeness, and
 “ *help yourselves first*. The Swits, the Ro-
 “ mans, the Milanese, the Neapolitans, the
 “ Sardinians, the Piedmontese, the Tus-
 “ cans, are uninspired by the amiable prin-
 “ ciples of equality and fraternity ; there,
 “ where you expected the key of the Bank,
 “ you received a kick on the breech : and,
 “ as to our brothers-in-law, *Paddy* and
 “ *Taffy*, when you were positive of being
 “ satiated with Irish beef and Welch mut-
 “ ton, the brutes knocked your patriotic
 “ brains out with potatoe-hoes, and ram-
 “ med into your republican posteriors their
 “ pickaxes and pitchforks.”

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To treat such persons and such principles with any thing more solid than ridicule, would be to rack flies upon the wheel, and cannonade caterpillars with heavy artillery.

Yours truly, &c.

LETTER V.

Yarmouth, Sunday, 1800.

DEAR SIR,

ONE of the first visits of curiosity (even should no superior motive carry him thither) that a stranger pays, is to the *church*. There he has an opportunity of beholding the faces as well as the behaviour of the inhabitants: there the individual families of the place become grouped into general assemblage, and the private members of the community take their station in the mass: the *tout-ensemble* becomes highly interesting to the reflecting spectator

spectator who has previously contemplated them in their distinct habitations.

When I speak of the church, I equally allude to any and every place of public worship where man prostrates himself in voluntary and rational veneration before his Maker : but, as the national and established church has, in this my Sunday excursion, come more immediately under my view, I cannot refrain from expressing my extreme satisfaction at beholding the Sabbath of the land observed with a solemnity truly attractive, and a decorum as universal as it is honourable.

The streets of the town being completely empty, and the doors of the houses apparently closed, I was not surprised to find the different temples of religion respectably crowded.

Opulence, commercial opulence, is the leading feature in each congregation. If there

there is any poverty here, it is not the squalid poverty of rags and starvation: higher and humbler stations are here, as elsewhere unquestionably, visible in the difference of garb, the accommodation of equipage, and the attendance of domestics: but, foul perversion, and the sturdiest Agrarian advocate could not ground his clamour for bayonet-equalization upon the old cant, and now almost exploded audacity of pretence that the people are divided into two, and only two descriptions—*the very rich and the very poor*. In no community are the middling, comfortable, modest and moderate, sober and satisfied, industrious and intelligent classes more numerous, or more conspicuous, in proportion to the population of the place. Like the other sea-ports of the kingdom, this abounds with children; and if the industry, the proper pride, the family-credit of the adults are to be computed from the plump and ruddy cheeks, and the neat and substantial apparel of their progeny, in no part of the
British

British dominions, it is to be presumed, is paternal and maternal solicitude for respectable appearance more generally prevalent.

Divine service is performed here with peculiar demonstrations of pious decorum as well in the tolerated chapels of the presbyterians, and other dissenters, as in the two churches of the establishment; and, perhaps, no part of England surpasses the Sunday-neatness, beauty, decency, and cheerfully correct demeanour of the *Yarmouthians* of all ages and both sexes.

In my next letter I shall give you the substance of a few remarks I hastily put together previous to my leaving town, which have a very near affinity to this subject; and although it is a digression from the immediate objects of our present excursion, yet, as it applies with equal propriety to all parts of the kingdom as well as to the capital (for which, however, it was exclusively

exclusively written) and as I don't wish to throw away the stuff, I shall make it the subject of a letter to you without apology.

Yours truly, &c.

LETTER VI.

Yarmouth, 1800.

DEAR SIR,

THE remarks to which I alluded in my last, arose from a view of the Bill brought into Parliament for the intended suppression of *Sunday newspapers*.

That bill was introduced and supported by the eloquence and abilities of as amiable a young nobleman as the peerage boasts: the man that does not give *Lord B.* credit and thanks for private virtues and public services, neither knows the one, nor deserves the other. As a nobleman,
a gentle-

a gentleman, a scholar, a citizen, and a senator, no man of honour will hesitate to pay the free and full respect due to his birth, conduct, abilities, patriotism, and parliamentary exertion.—To Lord *B.* in the House of Commons,—at the head of the St. Margaret volunteers,—in the domestic exhibition of all filial, matrimonial, amicable, and amiable duties, every independent and honest pen must offer the merited tribute of ardent approbation.

But although, *prima facie*, it may seem paradoxical, I congratulate his Lordship on the failure of his *Sunday newspaper bill*: and I congratulate him in the sober name of Reason, and the hallowed name of Religion: the pure principles of morality are, I conscientiously think, served and preserved by the rejection of that bill.

As we have formerly had a pretty close argument upon the *pro* and *con* of this topic, which is one link of that chain of reform

reform now justly imagined necessary in the present relaxed state of public manners, I shall trespass a little on your patience, to suggest a few observations that may tend to reconcile the advocates for the bill (and yourself amongst the rest) to its defeat.

These remarks will be written as they occur, without much method and arrangement; some few of them will possibly appear rather foreign to the subject, as, perhaps, the subject itself does to my present country excursion; but you will recollect, that although I have left behind me for a time the smoke of London, I may be allowed to bring down with me into the sweet fields of Norfolk, my usual zeal for the prosperity and reformation (where necessary) of the capital.

These observations, although now written unsystematically, are not the crude produce of a momentary and unripened opinion, but the matured fruit of long
though

thought and consideration on subjects more or less analogous to that which has lately possessed his Lordship's attention ; and, as I had some little time ago an idea of offering my thoughts to his Lordship on the subject, I will, with your leave, drop for a moment my address to you, my good old friend, and suppose myself writing to his Lordship.

Yours truly, &c.

LETTER TO LORD B***,**

on the Failure of

HIS SUNDAY NEWSPAPER BILL.

MY LORD,

To solicit your pardon for this intrusion, would be superfluous : the decent and due respect with which it cannot but come before you, supercedes all cause for apology, and ensures its reception and excuse.

The

The writer of this letter, my Lord, is a friend to virtue, an advocate for morality, a supporter of *Sabbath Decency* and *Church Solemnity*, a monarchy-man, a staunch and loyal subject of George the Third, a detester of fashionable (that is, impracticable) equality, a lover of British Liberty as wisely contradistinguished from lawless licentiousness, and *one* who, in an honourable necessity, would exhaust his property to protect, and pour his blood to secure the *state* the *church*, and the hereditary ranks, the honourable distinctions, and the professional establishments of his country : such a person, my Lord, professes to rejoice at your *late failure*, as cordially as he wishes for your long enjoyment and very late relinquishment of life, health, wealth, felicity, and honour.

In giving my sentiments upon this subject (which is of more intrinsic importance than at first meets the eye) I shall go over as little of that ground which has already been

been passed in the *House of Commons* as possible ; but sometimes it will be unavoidable : only one thing may be relied on, that no side-wind satirical compliment of insidious ridicule, like the “ *Ad Græcas Calendas*,” will on any account find an admission here. It was reserved for this age of wonderful discoveries that a knowledge (like your Lordship’s) of the *Greek language* ought to subject its possessor to the strictures of ironical criticism, or, that lucid and pertinent quotations from the accomplished writers in that harmonious tongue, more deserve the scoff and jeer of sarcastic wit than they are entitled to the assent and approbation of the learned. — But many of the honourable speakers on your Lordship’s side of the question seem to have alleged that to be a cause, which, in fact, was an effect ; and, *vice versa*.

It was more than once advanced, that *the neglect of the Sabbath* in France, amongst other relaxations from the religion
of

of the land, was the cause of the French Revolution. No, my Lord, the reverse is the truth : I speak what I know ; I relate what I saw : *the French Revolution caused the neglect of the Sabbath.* Look for the true cause of that revolution, not to Sabbath-breaking, but to the American war : Look first (for there, alas ! you will assuredly find it) in that treaty which the deluded *Louis XVI.* signed, and with it, signed his own destruction.

Ask *Monfieur Bertrand de Molville*, whether his amiable and murdered monarch did not, in nearly the final declaration of his sentiments, deplore that delusion, and urge the plea of his youth and inexperience to extenuate his infatuation ? that fatal error brought into France the false and foul fiend that (having let loose the horrors of war in the new world) winged his way across the Atlantic, and brought death, pestilence, discord, desperation, and destruction to Europe, blazoned under
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the ruinous and perverted names of Liberty, Patriotism, and Philosophy. This was the bloody monster that chased both *religion* and *monarchy* from France: this whetted the guillotine's edge; and this, and this alone, violated, and ultimately annihilated the *Sabbath*.

The incredulous or uncandid person that will doubt or deny the purity and piety of your Lordship's intentions in this your projected reform, or that of a Sir R. H***, or a Mr. W*****, would question the warmth of the sun's genial power, or controvert the common properties or benefits of nature; but, I must own, I feel very different impressions arising from similar principles of zeal for religious observances. Long may the national and approved customs of our church remain inviolate, revered, and decorously practised; but, in *smiles*, and not in *frowns*, may she live, reign, and triumph!

A happier

A happier race of mortals never glided through life with such innocent and enviable vivacity, than the French under their monarchy; and, however ill it may suit an English ear, it has always appeared to me, and to many much more competent judges than I presume to be, that *their* observation of the Sabbath was laudable, appropriate, and worthy of imitation. The dance and the song are animated accompaniments to the virtuous prosecution of national and sacred worship. Their day of rest was properly the day of joy: reverential prostrations marked their conduct within the walls of their temples, and the melody of music and of mirth softened their hearts, and tuned and harmonized their spirits towards each other, when all had devoutly united in the weekly veneration of their God!

It is not here designed to bring forward the example of Gallic levity as a standard for serious Englishmen to rally round; and

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far,

far, very far is it from the motive of this letter to urge any abridgement of the *Sabbath ceremonies* of this country—In profound solemnity be they ever, and for ever conducted!

Here, perhaps, it may appear an additionally-hardy assertion to advance, that never has Religion appeared with greater numbers in her lists than at the present day. The churches of the kingdom were, however, never better attended; the places of worship of the established form are crowded (particularly in the metropolis) with the devout of all ranks, and the appeal may be made to Sir R. H***, Whether the tolerated and licensed conventicles (both those under regulations such as are observed by the congregation of his reverend brother, as well as numerous others) are not, every *Lord's day*, proofs of what I here maintain?

If

If it be objected that there is a prevailing spirit of dissipation, and that too many absent themselves from *all* receptacles of a religious description, to throw themselves into such as are of a very different tendency,—it must be answered that all ages have produced unfortunate and culpable exceptions from general decency; yet, there appears no good reason for charging the present day with preternatural indecorum, or unexampled irreligion. Admitting that the day of rest is to be to the Christian a day of joy (and what authority have we anywhere to prove it should be a day of grief?) let him, in the name of reason, decency, morality, and of God, let him after he has humbled himself at the altar of his Creator, expand his heart and renovate his spirits: let him, while he feels the generous impulse, avow his relish for and enjoy the grateful and requisite comforts of periodical relaxation.

Shall the mechanic, loosened from the labours of the loom, not break from the stench of Whitechapel and taste the bracing breezes of the neighbouring forest? Shall the miserable mortal closely pinned down to his musty shop-board, or confined to his contracted counter in the foetid angles of the ever-suffocating Soho, not be excused, not applauded, for flying at the conclusion of his worship in his parish-church, to the verdant and enchanting summit of Primrose Hill? Oh! forbid it not, ye worthy reformers of the empire! Discountenance it not, ye considerate magistrates of the police! Reason does not discourage him; Religion cannot reprove him; his babes must eat the bread he earns: his earnings will be small if his health be impaired; his health will soon fail without the aid of refreshing air.— But, give it its proper name, call it not merely by the cold appellation of relaxation and refreshment, proclaim it by its proper title: out with it at once, declare it

Pleasure!

Pleasure ! Sunday Pleasure ! Gracious Heaven ! what is England come to !— who, it may be asked, merits pleasure more than the industrious artizan, the laborious mechanic ?—Away then to the fields ; wash from your harrassed brow the clotted accumulations of the week's employment ; exchange the squalid garb of labour for the sweet Sunday-shirt ; repair to your parish-church ; pray to, praise, and glorify the God that gives you strength to work, and relish to enjoy the blessings he bestows ; and then, having humbled yourself, as you are in grateful duty bound, before your Maker, seek the haunts of health, and swallow reviving portions of that air which is to invigorate your lungs and your arms for reiterated labour.

It was repeatedly said in the House, that the Bill was inadequate to effect your Lordship's object. That does not so clearly appear to me : but, with all due deference, I beg leave to dislike the object

of the Bill, and the Bill itself altogether. Intended, unquestionably, for purposes which to you appear salutary, I am of opinion it would have operated to the *discredit of the Sabbath*; would have thrown a frown of disgust over many a face that a *Sunday newspaper* now renders cheerful; and, upon the whole, much wounded (as such retrénochments will not fail to wound) the popular interests of the national religion of any country.

Almost the best that was said *in favour of Sunday newspapers*, was, that they were no more injurious than other newspapers: that it was only in the capital they were read upon a Sunday: that they did not reach some parts of the kingdom until Monday, or Tuesday, or later.

One gentleman, indeed, observed, that there was generally prefixed to them a moral discourse, a sort of sermon; and that these moral discourses were as good, or better,

better (for any thing he knew to the contrary) ; than many sermons he had heard preached.—Now, without questioning the honourable orator's judgment in sermons, or stopping to congratulate the gentleman on the taste he possesses and professes, I shall here only remark that such moral sermonizing in *Sunday newspapers* is perhaps their most reprehensible property ; as some readers, with the same refined taste as that above specified, may content themselves with that hebdomadal printed allowance of edification, and not repair to church in search of any other.

But let us leave to each department its own peculiar species of instruction : at church let us look for and enjoy good sermons ; and in newspapers let us expect and indulge in poetry, politics, weekly occurrences, funds, fashions, and frolic, together with all domestic information and foreign intelligence.

Like the Theatre (that sublime and fascinating school of national morality and polish!) which, unrestrained by the chastening hand of the licenser, and unawed by any influence of authority, deviates sometimes from the dignity of moral instruction into lewd and lawless ribaldry; so a newspaper, without wholesome regulations and legal corrections, may become the culpable and detestable vehicle of scurrilous and indecent profligacy; but, why any man *on any day* should be precluded from information on all general topics, told in chaste and modest language, I own I am at a loss to conjecture.

The public-houses, resorted to for the purpose of perusing these publications, are, if the magistrates will but fulfil their duty, under perfect restriction as to the *hours of divine service*; and why the public-house, which, upon another occasion, the ever-emphatical language of the Secretary at War styled the *poor man's coffee-house*, should

should be deprived of this part of a coffee-house furniture, and that too on *that day* when the said coffee-house's customers can best spare time to visit it, I must leave for those better informed than myself to determine.

The ablest advocate amongst your Lordship's supporters on this memorable occasion, seems to have been the before-mentioned Right Honourable Secretary, whose nervous and pointed eloquence would aid any cause to which he chuses to impart the powers of his oratory : an accuracy in defining the just proportion between public indulgences and public restrictions was naturally to be expected from that redoubted champion of English law and English liberty : but I own, in this circumstance, I was amazed to find that enlightened legislator a second to your Lordship, although the cause of Lord B***** must ever be considered as that of honour and truth : but the most virtuous are not always the

most infallible ; and, on this point I am proud to differ from both the principal and his adherent, although, in almost every other instance, I should glory in being permitted to join my voice and hand to promote the views of your Lordship and that friend to your bill.

I beg now to look back to the beginning of my letter, and to return to my observation upon the *French Sunday* : and, surely, there could not be a more fascinating spectacle than a fine morning of that holiday in that festive country. To the southward, where the genial climate sends to the markets the fragrant flowers of the summer in the very infancy of a northern spring ; where the peasantry were grouped for the market and the mass ; where the rendezvous was at once social and sacred ; the fête of piety and pleasure ; the service of God and the scene of gaiety ; not, indeed that gaiety which sometimes, I must confess, disturbs the lower assemblies of
England

England, where the operation of the barley-corn or juniper promotes the sanguinary circulation of cracked crowns, and the pugilistic phænomena of personal prowess.

Under that venerable monarchy, which, with all its blemishes, real and imaginary, had many prominent beauties; which, brutally demolished, shall again rear its august sceptre amongst the Kings of Europe,—under that reign such was the established observance of *their* day of rest. From no relaxation peculiar to Frenchmen in religious duties, did revolutionary miseries proceed; from no indisposition to the *sanctity of the Sabbath*. The Sabbath was kept with precisely the same observance deep into the revolution, as it had before been kept for centuries. Restore the monarchy, it will be kept so again: it will never be kept differently; and it never can be kept better.

The long harangues we have heard,

D 6,

and

and the prolix preachments we have read about the violations of our own Sabbath, are the amiable errors of Virtue run mad: she is a mighty good girl, and all good people dearly love her; but, like other beautiful and charming females, she is apt, from a too-exquisite sensibility, to be transported in the extacy of perfection almost to the tumult of phrenzy; and just at the point where we expect her to triumph, she faints!

But the spirit of the English church is not to be pourtrayed by the figure of an enthusiastic and capricious girl: *her* characteristic is that of a comely and dignified matron, devout without ostentation; pious, not fanatical; exalted, not extravagant; solemn, without austerity: her step is majesty; her reproof is friendship; her smile is Heaven!

As we are at this moment meritoriously straining the nerve of reformation, and
anxiously

anxiously rousing all parties to a due sense of the national religion, wishing, by every incentive, to collect our people on the Sabbath to our places of worship, it cannot be impolitic to attend to some circumstances apparently minute, but intrinsically important, which, where we wish to give weight and attraction to a cause, throw impediments in its way, and obstruct its influence. Let it then be considered; and the person who addresses you, my Lord, has often seen, and as often lamented it, how very difficult it is for any decent stranger to be accommodated with a seat in any of the churches of London or Westminster. I well know that this difficulty may generally be obviated by touching the gentlewoman who does the honours of the day, and carries the key of the pews, with a shilling. Indeed, it did not occur to me until this very moment, that there cannot be a more efficacious mode of defeating the pernicious properties of *Sunday newspapers* than this expenditure of the afore-said

said shilling ; as, very possibly, many persons, after depositing their shilling for a very learned discourse from a Cambridge D. D. or an A. M. from Oxford, would grumble confoundedly to pay half that sum for a laconic morsel of a sermon in a Sunday paper, notwithstanding the handsome report of those sermonic compositions by the ingenious gentleman who opposed your Lordship's Bill. Take it the other way. May not this extraction of a shilling drive many a man (who has paid it once) to content himself on the following Sunday with a half price lecture in one of these dominical vehicles of instruction?

The incommodious arrangements in our churches, unless for those whose parochial residence or pecuniary powers entitle them to pews and seats, are a greater injury to the cause of religion and the Sabbath than is to be dreaded from a *Sunday newspaper*, or an excursion to a Turnham Green ordinary. Boxed out, coffee-house shape, and

to

to be approached only *fee in hand*, where is a person above the vulgar description to deposit him (or herself) for a couple of hours? The long fore-and-aft bench that usually runs from one end of the principal aisle to the other, will contain but a few; and the rest may amuse themselves at the great west door, where there is no impediment, that I know of, to their praying erect; being under a similar compulsion with their representatives in parliament, to do their duty *upon their legs*.

I shall beg leave to pay my respects to your Lordship in a future letter of continuation on this subject; and have the honour to be,

My Lord,

your Lordship's

very obedient Servant, &c.

LETTER VII.

Yarmouth, June, 1800.

DEAR SIR,

I shall now give you a specimen of the true and-genuine *vulgar tongue* of this county; I shall also subjoin a translation, which is as necessary as it would be for you or me to have one of the language of Kamtschatka or Japan. It shall be but a short sample; which, although brief as it is beautiful, may suffice to amuse you with a hunt after the possible derivatives of these East Anglian expressions. I fear there is more provincial formation than Saxon, Danish, or Roman root in their composition; yet, I am not certain that you may not trace some of Dutch descent, naturally enough to be expected from the constant (peace) communication between these shores and those of the *United Provinces*.

Some of our elaborate tourists, who are
meritorious

meritorious universalists;—who return to town (that is, when they really quit their garrets) deeply stored with all sorts of travelling information;—who detail their botanical researches with transcendent descriptions, soaring from the humility of the hawthorn to the umbrageousness of the oak;—being no less attentive to the animal than the vegetable system, very obligingly inform you that red herrings are called Yarmouth Capons; and that the celebrated Bath *wheat-ears* is an adulteration from *white a*—.

These accurate investigators of nature are no less attentive to etymological pursuits, and very often give you specimens of language and dialect that are no otherwise subject to error than as the said specimens when produced to illustrate the language of Southwold Bay and East Ness, would rather better suit the latitude of Mevagissey and Penzance; and the examples advanced to elucidate the terms
used

used at the mouth of the Thames, are more congenial to the Banks of the Humber.

However, joking apart, the best informed and best intentioned excursionists may sometimes be capable of mistake in their expeditions through a country. I remember a very faithful and ingenious narrator who once gravely told me that, in some parts of Suffex, Kent, and Hampshire, the inhabitants were addicted to *bolting* bacon; that is, swallowing large lumps of that viand whole; and that the farmers hired their servants according to their capacity of *bolting*, at high or low wages: and, no very great while ago, a celebrated and admired writer, who *gleans* as he goes whatever is most rare and reportable, informed us that here in Norfolk an ass is known by the name of a *donky*. Now, I have this morning asked nine Norfolk persons, of different situations, to procure me a *donky*: they all stared, and protested

protested they did not know what I meant :
 but, when I desired to learn their peculiar
 name for an ass, they all exclaimed, Oh !
 Sir, you mean a *dicky*. Be assured there
 are as many egregious misrepresentations in
 other articles as between *donkies* and *dickies*.
 I should be very sorry to impress you,
 however, with any unfavourable sentiment
 towards the amiable author of this trifling
 mistake: in gleanng grain, a man may
 pluck up a weed ; in binding an elegant
 bouquet, he may wound his finger with
 the thorn of a sweet briar. Had the
 gleaner only brought his anecdote four-
 score miles farther to the southward, it
 would have done to a nicety : Essex and
 Kent are the districts renowned for *donk-*
ies ; in the latter they are not unfrequently
 designated by the flattering appellation of
Blackheath lions ; the former county has a
 no less extraordinary classification for their
 numerous *calves* ; but I have too much
 respect for the *quorum* to specify that mis-
 nomer.

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It is necessary, before I give you the specimen I have promised you of the true *Icenian dialect*, to premise for your information, that the plural terminations of verbs are here uniformly used with the singular number; thus, a *Norfolcian* does not say (and very seldom does he write) *the Mayor goes to court, or to church to-day*; but he says *the Mayor go to court to-day*; and so *he go*, and *she go*, and *he say*, and *she say*, are just as familiar in the mouths of the natives here as *the says I*, and *says he*, and *up goes I to Foxhall*, and *down goes I from the pyetches to Runnalaw*, and *away goes I from Gravenor square to Tattenham Court with the padrole*, are with our cockney-vulgarists.

This brief abstract of *true Norfolk* is composed of provincial terms, closely translated; but, to have a true notion of their *verbal* peculiarity, you should hear them uttered and accented *orally* by the natives.

DIALOGUE.

DIALOGUE.

ORIGINAL VULGAR
NORFOLK.*Narbor Rabbin and Narbor
Tibby.*

RABBIN.

Tibby, d'ye know how
the knacker's mawther
Nutty du?

TIBBY.

Why i' facks, Rabbin,
she is nation cothy; by
Goms, she is so snafy that
I think she is will-led.

RABBIN.

She's a fate mawther,
but ollas in dibles wi'
the knacker and thackf-
ter; she is ollas a ating
o' thapes and dodmans.
The fogger sa she ha the
black

TRANSLATION.

*Neighbour Robin and Neigh-
bour Stephen.*

ROBIN.

Stephen, do you know
how the collar-maker's
daughter Urfula does?

STEPHEN.

Why in fact, Robin, she
is extremely sick: by
(*objoiete*) she is so snarlifh,
that I think she's out of
her mind.

ROBIN.

She is a clever girl, but
always in troubles with
the collar-maker and the
thatcher. She is always
eating goosberries and
snails. The man at the
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chandler's

black sap; but the grosh- | chandler's shop says she
er sa she have an ill dent. | has a consumption; but
the grocer says she is out
of her senses.

TIBBY.

Why ah! tother da
she fared stounded: she
pluck'd the pur from the
back stock, and copped it
agin the balk of the
douw pollar and barnt it;
and then she hulled at the
thackster, and hart his
weefson and huckle-bone.
There was northing but
kadders in the douw-
poller, and no douws;
and so, arter she had
barnt the balk, and the
door stall, and the plan-
cher, she run into the
par yard, thru the pytle,
and then swounded be-
hinn'd a fight o'gotches
o' beergood.

STEPHEN.

Why aye, the other
day she appeared struck
mad: she snatched the
poker from the back of
the stove, and flung it
against the beam of the
pigeon-house and burnt
it; and then she throwed
it at the thatcher, and
hurt his throat and hip-
bone. There were no
pigeons in the pigeon-
house, and nothing but
jack-daws; and so, after
she had burned the
beam, and the door-
frame, and the floor, she
ran into the cow-yard,
through the small field,
and fainted behind seve-
ral pitchers of yeast.

RABBIN.

Ah, the shummaker told me o'that rum rig; and his nevvey sa that the beergood was fysteey, and that Nutty was so swelter'd, that she ha got a pain in spade-bones and jott. The thacker wou'd ha gin har some doctor's geerin a beaker; but he sa she'll niver moize agin.

TIBBY.

I met the knacker gallopping over the canfy upon his dicky; he fared mortal kidge; he swopped the dicky for a hobby, and bought a fort o'lanyards, and a hape o'whit leather, and a gotch o' beeflings. As he had swopped the dicky at the far, he did'nt want his spores; so he swop-

ROBIN.

Aye, the shoe-maker told me of that comical trick; and his nephew says that the yeast was musty; and that Urfula smothered; that she has got a pain in her blade-bones and bottom. The thatcher would have given her some doctor's medicine in a tumbler; but he says she never will recover.

STEPHEN.

I met the collar-maker galloping over the causeway on his afs; he seemed very brisk; he exchanged the afs for a poney, and bought several whip-thongs and a quantity of white leather, and a pitcher of milk.—As he had the afs at the fair, he did not want his spurs; so he

CX.

swopped the spores for a cruper, and a crome-stick, and a par o'hakes. exchanged the spurs for a crupper, and a crook-stick, and a pair of pot-hooks.

RABBIN.

Ah, there was a nation rumpus. He played at ten pins, and bone i'the hole, and trunket, and copped the loggets, and he won a sort of dings, and draw-waters, and bloodolphins, and spinks.

TIBBY.

In loping over, though he is lythy, jest by the brig, his crome-stick fell swop into the deek-holl; and he was fain to clamber over the deek, thru all the muck and dat; and he was nigh toppling over the brig-rail which was spolt.

RABBIN.

ROBIN.

Aye, there was a great disturbance. He played at nine pins, and trap-ball, and (trunket) and tossed the (loggets); and he won a quantity of farthings, and goldfinches, and bullfinches, and chaffinches.

STEPHEN.

In striding over, although he is supple, just by the bridge, his crook-stick fell directly into the dyke; and he was forced to climb over the dyke, through all the dung and dirt; and he was near falling over the rail of the bridge which was brittle.

ROBIN.

RABBIN.

The mawther sa he
far'd quite lapy; the
thackster led him to-
ward the house; but as
she could not unfnack
her half hack, they crid
him under the crib
among a hape o' kit-
lings, that wur dade,
and laid forth in the
stra, that the throsher
had hull'd down from
the gofe in the bearn.
The throsher copp'd
more stra down, and crid
it under the skipping-
block for a bad for the
nazzel, the bunny, and
the tuley.

TIBBY.

Ah, but the waft is,
that the mawther got a
great long tharm in her
hand; and tur bolted,
and

ROBIN.

The girl says, he
seemed quite exhausted;
the thatcher led him
towards the house; but as
she could not unlatch
her they push-
ed him under the man-
ger among a heap of
dead kittens, that were
laid out in the straw,
which the thresher had
flung from the corn-heap
in the barn. The
thresher threw more
straw down, and push-
ed it under the horsing-
block, for a bed for the
young afs, the rabbit,
and the cat.

STEPHEN.

Aye, but the worst is,
that the wench got a
great long thorn in her
hand; and it beat, and
E it

and tur bulk'd, and it throbb'd, and it broke
 tur barst out all over out all over pimples;
 twiddles, and twey quite and it was quite en-
 sheer like a breeder; and flamed, like a whitlow;
 tur swelled up as big as and it swelled up as big
 a skizzy, or a casting-top, as a large marble, or a
 or a swelping-top. spinning-top, or a whip-
 ping-top.

RABBIN.

Well, I'll go to the
 fogger's, and hear how
 the mawther du; for
 'twas muggy, and tur
 fnew, and tur thew, and
 tur blew, and there was
 a nation roke when she
 was craning out o' the
 windon under the chim-
 ley.

ROBIN.

Well, I will go to the
 man at the chandler's
 shop, and hear how the
 girl does; for it was foggy,
 and it snowed, and
 thawed, and blowed, and
 there was a haze when
 she was stretching out of
 the window under the
 chimney.

It would be no difficult operation to
 compile you many sheets of this East
 Anglian rhetoric; but the above sample
 shall suffice: it has flowed in upon my
 observation along with the provincial cur-
 rent that I cannot but encounter in my
 every-

every-day rambles.—It is quite unnecessary to repeat the remark, that this is exclusively a specimen of the vulgar tongue; but still I can with truth assure you, that no inconsiderable portion of it finds admission into the conversation of some individuals of a higher description.

Yours truly,

LETTER VIII.

Yarmouth, 1800.

DEAR SIR,

IN a late letter I mentioned the very satisfactory sensations a stranger cannot but feel at the numerous and decorous assemblies of the inhabitants in all the places of public worship in this town and its neighbourhood. If the living flock in crowds to the temples of devotion, no less multitudinous are the groupes of the dead that are deposited in the consecrated precincts

of this venerable church. Alas ! how mortifying, even to a stranger's contemplation, is it to walk over the accumulated ashes of successive generations !—

As in a former letter I made some comments on the general subject of Sabbath-keeping, and, in my opinion, this same article of sepulture has a very near connection and relationship to that subject, I shall once again, my old friend, act very unceremoniously by you, and leave you for a while to have a little farther appeal of argument to his Lordship. I ought, indeed, rather to address this to Mr. W*****, as he has very honourably, although not with merited success, opened the business in parliament. What I allude to is, the horrid custom and nefarious villany of plundering the church-yards of their dead.

What leads to severe reprobation on these crimes of the capital, is a view of the
peace

peace and safety of these provincial receptacles of inhumation, and every man acquainted with the atrocious violations of London burial-grounds, must contemplate the assaults upon those sanctuaries with a more lively regret, when he contrasts them with the security attached to the county-churches and burial-grounds. I shall therefore resume the former mode of address, and say,

MY LORD,

What the legislators of the land have in vain attempted to remedy, it would be indecent presumption in me to offer a cure for. In defiance of walls, watchmen, acts of parliament, informations, fines, imprisonments, and patent coffins; nay more, in defiance of reason, humanity, and decency, between creature and creature, while graves contain carcases, the *resurrection-men* will have them.

I have no doubt that these miscreants

are indiscriminate in their spoil, and would as soon raise and sell the father that had the disgrace to beget them, or the mother that had the ignominy to produce them, as they would unshroud, and sack, and shoulder for the surgeon your Lordship or myself.

Against stealing bodies there has hitherto been found no positive preventive. The midnight thief has, in this case, puzzled, parried, and foiled the bar, the magistracy, and the senate. The noble and the wealthy may indeed repose unmolested in their purchased lead, because the vaulted family is secure within the ponderous and marble jaws of the inviolable hereditary tomb. But the majority of mortals entitled only to the *six feet by two* allotment of their mother earth, unmarbled and *al fresco*, have no sooner done with the doctors of life, than they must be snatched from the insecure confines of their graves, and appear forthwith in the *Sheldon drawing-room*

room, or figure under the experimental blades of the Knights of the Knife in the auspicious seminary of Dr. Marshall.

To the burial-ground of St. George, Hanover-square, on the Bayswater-road, I would direct the attention of those who wish, with me, to remove this atrocious and debasing practice: they will there find, not indeed the remedy against stealing dead bodies, but a memorable and spirited example of good sense exhibited by a lady, a native of Ireland, who effectually secured her body from being stolen, by ordering it *not to be buried at all*. With a judgment superior to custom, and uncontrouled by superstition, like a high souled Roman-matron, she ordered herself to be burned. Her honourable ashes are deposited at the foot of a monumental pillar, on which is recorded the circumstance of her ignition, and the resolution of her rational will to that liberal and laudable determination.

If it be *better to marry than burn*, so is it *better to burn than to be cut up*: not that any rational being can care about his cloke-bag-carcase, when he has no farther use for it; that would be a pitiful regard, far beneath the high-minded philosophy of the eighteenth century; but we, while we live, and those dear to us, and who will live after us, and down through all posterity the humane and respectable parts of civilized society, are and will be disgusted and disquieted while such a posthumous insult to relatives and friends remains unreformed.

In the name of Roman good sense,—of English good sense,—and of common sense, why not resume the system of funeral burning? On this subject I have had many serious conversations with various friends of a sound and reasonable way of thinking, and I have never found any one of them hesitate to give this custom their decided approbation. That the question might
have

have fair play, I have also frequently proposed it to persons no less seriously inclined, but, at the same time, scrupulously attached to the customs under which they were born and educated; but, above all things, obstinately averse to even minute alterations in any of our ecclesiastical institutions and arrangements: from such persons, where less candour was reasonably to be expected, I have, after long argumentation, extracted as much ultimate acquiescence in favour of the point as could be hoped from positive prejudices; and their conviction and admission of it principally proceeded from the hideous but just representation I made to them of the calamitous and scandalous consequences frequently arising from public burial-grounds in populous towns; vaults crowded with *subscription*-carcasses under churches; open graves for indiscriminate and plebeian putrefaction *en masse*; and

other baneful and contagious effects from our ill regulated system of sepulture.

I shall, in the sequel of these remarks, mention to your Lordship some of the odious offences that have been the objects of my animadversion and aversion frequently in London and Westminster. For the present, however, I shall only observe, that, in addition to the two before-mentioned descriptions of people, I have sometimes addressed the subject to the gay and the giddy, and those of both sexes.

To fix, even for the fleeting moment, the winged attention of such airy and soaring larks of levity, it was requisite to arrest their feelings by a pointed painting of the detestable circumstance of the *body-thefts* in *Lambeth burial-ground* and that of the *Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road*.

At Lambeth, the Archbishop's porter, even when defunct, and retired from the service

service of his gracious and most reverend master, persevered in the practice of his official department with a persistence peremptorily Swiss; for *he opened the door* for the whole discovery. A washerwoman proceeding to the exercise of her diurnal and eternal ablutions, upon the coach being stopped that contained the body of the unearthed domestic, lifted up the cover of a hamper, and recognized, with a shriek of surprize and horror, the features of her old neighbour and acquaintance. The alarm being given, the Archbishop and the Vicar gave permission and orders that the ground should be searched, and the maraudings on mortality be ascertained: when, horrible to conceive and to relate! some hundreds were discovered to have been disinterred and carried off! scarcely a family was there that had not lost a father, a mother, a sister, a brother, or a child! not a few had been deprived of several of those relatives, and others had lost them all!

At the other scene of carcase-spoliation, the Tabernacle, the plunder was equal in atrocious audacity, and greater, I believe, in numbers: more atrocious, because perpetrated in a very populous neighbourhood, and with the windows of opposite houses looking directly into it from before and behind.

It would be harrowing one's feelings too cruelly to specify the infernal uses (some of them culinary ones) to which these violated and mutilated relics were reported, and that with no little appearance of truth, to have been appropriated.

These circumstances could not well fail to impress themselves forcibly on even juvenile and volatile imaginations; but they took an additional hold when I carried my sprightly friends to the spot: they all agreed with my opinion in the end, that it would be much better to be completely consumed by the powers of the

the firebrand, and our ashes wafted away by all the winds of Heaven, than that our pilfered remains should load the shoulders of nocturnal thieves, and be dissevered and suspended on the *Sheldonian shambles*.

The Roman obsequies were conducted by those illustrious and judicious Italians with a solemnity of pious ceremonial, at once sublime and captivating : this you, my Lord, and Mr. W***** know much better than I shall affect to describe ; but I cannot, as somebody has somewhere before observed, I cannot comprehend that there can be a more grateful, a more gratifying, a more generous tribute of duty to our dear and departed friends, than first to preserve their precious remains from the degradation of gradual putrefaction and miscreant robbers, and afterwards to collect their honoured ashes into a compact, a decent, and an inoffensive depositary.

It

It would be a little wandering from the subject, or I could point out many spots in the neighbourhood of London and Westminster, where such receptacles might be established for general use, unless where a particular attachment might induce a family to cherish under the roof with sacred care and reverential respect the hallowed ashes of dear departed relatives. These *morais*, if I may be allowed to go as far as *Otaheite* for the appellation, might at once become monuments of our national delicacy and decency, our morality and honour, and, at the same time, abolish the very disgusting spectacles that disfigure our ill-contrived and ill-conducted church-yards: nor, under the management of a well-regulated taste, would they be incapable of real beauty and elegant decoration. Common sense and common safety solicit the attention of the legislature to some such anti-pestilential and anti-preposterous reformation.

The

The nauseous nastiness assailing both the eye and the nose in some church-yards, is no imaginary evil; nor is the charge made with wanton inconsideration. The gross offence has been corrected in some degree in several parishes: they have purchased and provided pretty extensive burial-grounds in open parts adjoining to the town; but, as the town itself every now and then takes a new fit of running out of town, how do we know but that, in process of time, the houses may once more overtake and surround the sepulchres, and then we shall be again (the dead and the living, the sound and the decayed) blended in repeated and miscellaneous putrefaction, and be, as before, in situations to drop perpendicularly from a bed-chamber window into the common keeping parlour of a public grave!

St. Giles's (in the Fields), Bloomsbury, and St. Andrew's, Holborn, have adopted a distant and more wholesome plan of less dis-

disgusting and less injurious interment; which may, indeed, be called a *Danish* improvement: I do not mean to advance that it was of Danish institution in this island, or that it had its meritorious origin in those days when gentlemen from that country were in the habit of visiting us sword in hand, and were rather intent upon cutting our throats, and of augmenting the heaps of our dead upon the surface of the earth, than of inventing fashions for our decent interment in its bowels; but, were I not afraid of being thought unfashionable, as every Goth must be that is so *mal adroit* as to praise a King, I would venture to observe, that his Majesty Christian the Seventh, the present sovereign of Denmark, was the first, and, I believe, the only monarch who has banished the dead from the capital of his dominions; and that this salutary regulation was the suggestion of his Majesty himself, independent of all counsel whatever.

Before

Before such provisions were adopted here as partly alleviate the loads of our parochial-burials, it was usual (and even now it is too common) to see *open graves* in our church-yards.

The nature of *an open grave* is this : It is dug of sufficient depth and width to hold sometimes a double, sometimes even a triple tier of bodies : treble in width and six deep : thus, in some it is possible, and I believe it to be the case, that twelve, nay eighteen adults may be piled upon each other, to the intolerable annoyance of the surveying inhabitants. In one of these wholesale rotting-shops, in the very heart of the metropolis, I once saw this melancholy mass of miserable mortality so nearly completed, as only to want one more coffin to make up the number of one dozen and a half ; and when completely possessed by its populous proprietors, it would be covered in with little above two feet of earth on its surface. A poor woman

woman was weeping bitterly at the edge of the grave; and, upon my asking the cause of her grief, she told me that her child was buried in the hole below. I observed to her, that all the coffins there deposited had to me the appearance of those of men and women. She said that was very true; they did contain grown people, but not grown people only, for that her infant was in one of the shells, between the *legs* of a corpse; and that few of them, as it was a work-house grave, were without a child either between their legs, or between the arm and the side. This polluted hot-bed of human stench was merely covered over with four or five deals, kept for this reproachful and reiterated nuisance. When this numerous company of the Grim Serjeant should be completed, the deals would be removed, and the afore said two feet of earth would be applied to keep down the pestilential vapour of this cadaverous collection: fresh levies would then be raised from the
work-

work-house and hospital ; fresh ground of half-wasted mortality would be broken up; and thus, if the living objects of this parish are proverbially designated by the long-established epithets of *fat*, *ragged*, and *jaucy*, the dead of so renowned a neighbourhood may be as justly described as putrid, contagious, and destructive.

Again : Apartments which I once occupied in John-Street, Tottenham Court Road, looked into such another reservoir of carcases, mingled in full ripe mellowness of rapid fermentation. I could scarcely lay down my pen to look out at my window, but I saw some fellow-creature joining the association of death : the new member was admitted without ceremony, and without ballot, into that corps which gives no quarter : where there is no priority nor precedence, unless, indeed, such superior rank may be derived from superior corpulency, as the most greasy would dissolve the most speedily, liqui-

liquidate, and communicate towards his companions, and most effectually promote the general interests of effervescence and corruption.—One very hot afternoon of a London August, I was roused from my writing - desk by the stentorian harangue of the renowned R***** H***; from which circumstance it may be judged that I was pretty near the scene of action, or I could not have positively discriminated the vociferation of even that trumpet-lunged herald of Heaven. My curiosity, which seldom allows me to rest quiet long together, prompted me to cross the street for ten minutes edification at the chapel of Whitfield and wit: and I beg I may not excite surprize by using the latter expression of *wit*, for wit (although it be of a peculiar cast) I have undoubtedly heard there, before and since that afternoon. The first assertion that cannonaded my ear from that great gun of mob-oratory, was, "*I am a dustman;*" (and here I beg leave to declare that I am detailing a part
of

of the pulpit-discourse of which I was the hearer; and I give it as literally delivered from that rostrum of ranting and recorded reputation) "I am a dustman; and I will tell you why: When the fine ladies that go to routs and gambling - parties come home at five o'clock in the morning, in a high fever, having lost their money, they flounce into bed, and there they toss and tumble, and rowl about for some time, until at length, wearied out, they fall into a broken sleep. Just as they are got into this sleep, the dustman comes, ringing his bell, and then they start up, and abuse the dustman, and wish him at the Devil: so, many of you who come here to hear the word, are in the first sleep of your sins, and no sooner do I ring the *dust-bell of salvation* in your ear, than you start up, and, for what I know, sometimes wish me at the Devil: and so *I am a dustman!*"

After hearing this syllogism thus logically established, I thought I should hardly
taste

taste a more delicious *morceau* of tabernacular rhetoric that afternoon, therefore, I took my hat and my leave of the congregation, and was returning home to my tea, when an unfortunate peep into the ever-open grave chased from my face the smile it had a moment before adopted, depressed my heart, and turned my stomach.

After all, I would not on any account, in this medley of a letter, say any thing that should hurt or offend that innocent, virtuous, and zealous man: the tenor of his life is amiably correspondent to his doctrinal professions. However eccentric the figures of his declamation, the sanctity and morality of his deportment is genuine and exemplary, and his charities and benevolences are various and unquestionable.

As I have accidentally hit upon this string, I will, notwithstanding the length of this letter, with your Lordship's indulgence, touch

touch it once more: it will emit a very similar note; and if it should have happened to grate a little harshly on the ear of any worthy *Whitfieldite*, I will run the same risk of striking unmusically the organ of the disciples of *Westley*; in either instance urging the inoffensive nature of my intentions as an apology for each anecdote, and pledging my veracity to my having been the eye and ear-witness of both.

At a village* one hundred miles from London, old *John Westley*, I was informed, was just arrived to preach at a meeting-house of that persuasion. Never having heard that celebrated veteran, I repaired to the place for that purpose: I forget his text, but the drift of the discourse was to draw a comparison between the persecutions sustained by the primitive Christians and those encountered by the Methodists. To effect this parallel, he displayed no common stock of scriptural

* Loddon, in Norfolk.

learning,

learning, and not a little of what might truly be styled eloquence: but, on a sudden, with a flash of farcical transition, which I shall never forget, he exclaimed,

“ I’ll tell you what : Five-and-twenty or
 “ thirty years ago, when I was preaching
 “ at Bristol, a man called out to me from
 “ the midst of the assembly,—I’ll tell you
 “ what, John Wesley, if you use any more
 “ of that discourse, I’ll throw my Bible at
 “ your head. — And I’ll tell you what, my
 “ friend, says I, I’ll send Stephen (I think)
 “ Clutterbuck the Mayor of Bristol to you.
 “ Upon which the fellow cried out, You
 “ and Stephen Clutterbuck may kiss — ;
 “ and then the fellow clapped his hand
 “ upon that part of him that left the
 “ church last, and out he walked.”

The animated orator gave a very powerful and practical elucidation of the Clutterbuck anecdote, by a sonorous and similar clap on the similar situation to that of his Bristol assailant; and after that episode,

episode, illustrated *a posteriori*, reassumed the rational strain of language and argument with which he began his sermon, and concluded it with many apt allusions, and in a style ingeniously classical and persuasive.

I fear, my Lord, I cannot let you off without another, and a third letter on these points ; but, in the mean time, I beg to subscribe myself,

&c. &c.

Having left you so abruptly, my old friend, I only just run back from my call upon Lord B. to tell you that you shall hear from me in a day or two, and that I am

Yours truly, &c.

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LETTER

LETTER IX.

Yarmouth, June, 1800.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR old friend T—and I are just returned from a very gratifying trip to the ancient *capital* of this county. *Norwich*, the industrious, commercial, and prosperous Norwich, is certainly a very lovely spot. I know of nothing in any country I have visited upon service or pleasure, that is superior to the view from its *Castle-hill*; that is, for the eye (I would be understood to mean) which can be delighted and contented with the picturesque of mild and tranquil scenery. Bolder prospects, awfully loaded with masses of monstrous mountains and rough ridges of rugged rocks, will better suit the taste that demands gigantic magnificence; but

but the soft and placid scenery which surrounds this happy seat of affluence and industry, is calculated to correspond with, and to create a continual serenity of spirits, the habitual harmony of the life of man. A winding and a verdant vale, through which, in serpentine elegance, tardily flows the placid and unruffled *Wensum*; which vale has gentle risings on either side, flourishing in all the prolific perfection of scientific and systematic management, forms a considerable part of the view in the ride from Yarmouth to Norwich.

The latter half of this little journey is rich in good husbandry and produce, even in this county immemorially and proverbially agricultural: crops of wheat, luxuriant productions of clover, and turnip-fields of unrivalled cultivation, decorate this scene of rural beauty and plenty.

In the earlier part, indeed, we passed

some tame and meadowed flats, here called *Dams*, which, although less productive of graniferous profit, still do their duty to the proprietors of them by the various and valuable succours of fuel; turf, peat, furze, flag, and sedge: and, if these rude marshes furnish substitutes for sea-coal and wood, the little lakes, here denominated *Broads*, are very productive of fish and wild fowl: these shallow lakes are not inaptly thus termed *Broads*: they are the consequence of the level equality of the land through which their rivers have their course; which, traversing an even surface, and meeting with few obstacles, the streams are glassily smooth, and merely, upon running over a hollow of meadow of greater or less extent, leave a sufficiency of water to fill them, and constantly renew its supply.

The occupiers of middling farms to the right and left of this road, are perhaps, take them for all in all, as good husbandmen

men as are to be found in Britain; sufficient theorists for experiment and speculation, unbigotted to ancient and stubborn habits, and yet too guarded for rash risk and incautious adventure.

As we more nearly approached the city, we entered upon a still more decided track of obviously-excellent agriculture. The *Blofield Hundred* is a paragon of produce: the weedless crop here attests the hand of a master: the eye, although glutted with an immensity of produce, views everywhere the distinctness of æconomical distribution: strong in its propitious soil, the upright, vivid, clear, and perpendicular stalk competent to sustain its promising weight and future wealth of ear, justifies the skill of the grower in the seasoning, the sowing, and the setting of his grain.

If the father who spareth the rod has been stated to be the spoiler of his child,

so the farmer who withholdeth the *hoe*, may be said to ruin his turnips: to see the expert labourers, however, in that favourite and lucrative production of the fields of Norfolk, cutting away hundreds and leaving only distant units, would induce a spectator unaccustomed to the proceeding to dread an entire annihilation of that important crop: but fully adequate is the number of plants left to fill every space at the full size of their maturity, and then matchless in magnitude and exquisite in nutriment, they fatten to the most generous size some of the best bullocks Smithfield boasts, and feed some of the finest flavoured mutton Leadenhall exhibits.

Some of the views in this division of the county are pleasingly attractive to a spectator that does not require the majestic or enormous: many parts to which we zig-zagged from the main road, are sufficiently embellished with wood and the
slowly

slowly winding *Yare*, serpentizing through the valley with a useful, although not very numerous navigation of small craft, gives the solidity of satisfaction in the conviction of profit, added to the pleasure of contemplating its beauties. This valley has evident proofs of having formerly been covered by the sea : and here we had once more the pleasure to behold a profitable portion of *terra firma* rescued from the invasion and dominion of that element. *T—* and I, who have often admired, mile by mile, the beautiful and well cultivated vale snatched by human skill and exertion from the Mediterranean Sea, between *Leghorn* and *Pisa* ; who have beheld the abundant crop and stately tree flourishing on that spot where crept the coral, and gambolled the inhabitants of the deep, were enchanted by this little renewal of past gratification : there is, however, a very material difference, in one respect, between the two circumstances ; for, whereas, in the Tuscan

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instance,

instance, the exclusion of the sea proceeded from the sublime ideas and the able operations of *man*; the departure of the waters in the Norfolk example, was the performance of *Nature*, as the *North Sea*, in the caprice of its evolutions withdrew itself. I ought, however, to add, what I write and you will read with conscious pride, that the valuable *Italian Level* above mentioned, was detached from the kingdom of Neptune, and transferred to the fickle of Ceres, by the powers and genius of an *Englishman*!

Up to the city of Norwich, to the foot of its very castle, a *Danish chieftain* with a numerous fleet invaded, sacked, and burned the city: on the surface of that water, which now is precious earth, there, where peace and plenty bless the solid soil,—*Swain*, the invader, sailed with his hostile host, and brought to the pride of the East Anglian district—war, devastation, and terror.

Although

Although I have already agreed to start as few antiquarian researches and conjectures as may be in this digressive correspondence, yet, it is absolutely impossible not to catch at some few of the many every-day proofs, as positive as they are pleasing, that meet us on our way, and are existing testimonies of facts long gone by. For example, in the features and complexions of our countrymen, what discriminating eye is there that does not continually trace in this our land, now uniformly British, the varieties of our descents! Who can sit in a mixed society of Britons, and not trace, *particularly in the colours of the hair*, the stock from which many individuals proceed! The Danish red and flaxen; the Roman black; the Saxon auburn; the Norman brown:—all these are no less traceable than are the names imported by various invaders. In these our *East Angles*, the Danish conquerors made some of their earliest incursions. Not a little delighted with the first fruits

of their piratical enterprizes, they fixed firm in the captured land those adventurous feet that had carried them on board their ships, for the decided purposes of rapine and conquest: they boldly seized the *Icenian shores*, and held them long. Under their potent and successful leader, the victorious *Swain*, they pitched their tents upon our surrendered fields, and divided the territory into distinct properties, as the Danish appellations still evince. The name of the triumphal General has been transferred to a very advanced posterity in the villages; the *Swantons*, the *Swanningtons*, and the *Swainthorpes* of the county.

If *De Foe*, in the satirical rhapsody he has vented against English descent in his *True-born Englishman*, has invidiously amalgamated in our miscellaneous composition the very multitudinous defects of our various subduers, I wish (with proper deference to the poetical memory of that humorous

humorous anatomist of our genealogical pretensions) just to urge, that, with all the avowed defects entailed upon us by our different progenitors, we aspire likewise to a trifling heirship of a few of their virtues. Originally confined to our native productions of crab-apples and blackberries, how we came possessed of mulberries and nonpareils, Heaven knows: but, here they are; here they grow and flourish!—Engrafted on our crabbed stock, the imported fruit has gained augmented flavour: the Britons of the west, although once confined to the manual squeeze of the temporary verjuice, now revel in the mellowed fermentations of Styre and Cagaghee; and I trust there is one sacred particular in which we shall all imitate our ancestor freebooters; that is, like them, *the land we have, we will keep*: however descended, we will be self-defended: the resolution, the tenacity, the perseverance with which those Lords of fortune marked their property

in the soil (until *Alfred* the Briton cleared his *Albion* for his Britons) shall be our example for modern and present imitation.

Excuse this digression—when my country is the theme, my heart runs away with my imagination, and my zeal cannot controul my pen. A mind naturally prone to compare present circumstances with remote occurrences, cannot but be roused to occasional animation, when it contemplates the high-crowned glory of this land of liberty and felicity, contrasted with the humility of its indigenous comforts; England howing beneath the swords of boat-loads of Danish thieves,—and England exalted by her laws, her arms, her arts, and her virtues!

I shall now descend from the airy regions of rhapsody to the plain road of circumstantial narration, and shall tell you our transactions during the three last days; and, I hope, at the same time, impart

impart to you some little share of that satisfaction they have so abundantly supplied to your old friend *T*— and myself.

On Saturday last, at a very early hour, we left Yarmouth for a trip to Norwich, in consequence of an invitation from a respectable manufacturer here, a distant relation of *T*— who, in the hospitality of his table and the benevolence of his life, is an amiable specimen of those liberal and mercantile manners which apparently characterize the principal inhabitants.

We arrived at an inn, situated in the market-place, just in time to behold from its windows one of the most gratifying exhibitions of neatness and plenty I have beheld in any country. If exquisite neatness here gives even an added gratification to the view of a glorious abundance, so are the dresses, the viands, the basket-cloths, every article and every utensil of the spruce and fresh market-women, recommended

commended by the profusion of provision that loads and ornaments the market.— On our way hither we saw on the road several of these rosy *marchandes* of butter and poultry; some in carts, others on horseback;—those in the carts, had placed before them two large market-hampers, here called a *pair of peds*: these peds are semi-circular on one, and flat on the opposite side, with a close and well-fitted cover to each; so that, when placed on the flush-deck of a market-cart, they join each other closely on the flat side, and stow rather commodiously: when placed on a horse, the connecting straps which preserve them from too great a separation, are of a length to be laid over the seat of a pretty large saddle, on which the fair *East Anglian* mounts from what, their agility considered, is very pertinently denominated a *Skipping-Block*; and I should conjecture that no little length of time and habit must be requisite to insure the hebdomadal venders of their renowned turkies, to sustain the periodical

periodical bumpings of reiterated jog-trot expeditions.—Butter, eggs, geese, fowls, sucking-pigs, the most delicate swine's flesh, sausages with the summum of savoury seasoning, in close and well-compacted layers, load the sides of many a sturdy *dobbin*, and shake the well-knitted joints of these rosy equestrian damsels. I shall not scrutinize analogically the comparative structure of the human frame with that of the porcal tribe, albeit the resemblance is anatomically evident; therefore, I refrain from conjecturing that a continued contact can create similarity of substance; especially, if I am right in my recollection, as prime saddle-seats are made of *hog-skins*.

The market-place, which is nearly an oblong-square, and a very fine one, lies upon a slope with exactly sufficient inclination to shew to advantage the successive rows of *peds*, as you view them from the bottom. The market-women
are

are ranged in equidistant rows, with a regularity little short of military precision; between these rectilinear divisions sufficient space is preserved to admit the concourse of buyers; and by this judicious regulation all confusion is completely prevented. At the bottom is another space of parade-like appearance, emphatically called the Gentleman's Walk: this walk, on the market-day, is thronged with a collection of very interesting characters; the merchant, the manufacturer, the magistrate, the provincial yeoman, the militia-officer, the affluent landlord, the thrifty and thriving tenant, the independent farmer, the recruiting-officer, the clergy, faculty, barristers, and all the various characters of polished and professional society. In short, not to run into minute particulars of this proud scene of bustle and business, health and wealth, prosperity and pleasure, proud let me call it, as it is the true criterion of provincial and national glory, which is better ascertained amidst the
indis-

indiscriminate and collected, than in the separated and selected classes of the community.

The remainder of this day and its evening were passed in the family-cheerfulness of our host, who concluded his operations of weekly employment and professional exertion by a generous relaxation, a festivity evidently the blessed result of success, and with the frank urbanity of the prosperous British merchant. Having enjoyed the following days of Sunday and Monday at the country-house of this opulent citizen, where an easy gaiety enlivened the Sabbath, which was passed in the due and solemn observance of public worship, we returned to town to be present on the Tuesday at the grand anniversary festival, commonly called here the

GUILD-DAY.

This was, to express myself accurately, *a busy day of joy*; every moment of it was well-

well-filled up with very attractive matter for gratification. As I do not remember to have ever enjoyed a more complete day of true pleasure (one, at least, arising from public transaction) or to have beheld one of a more laudable and rational description, I shall be somewhat circumstantial in detailing its proceedings; which I shall present to you in the order they occurred.

The ceremony of this anniversary has, I am informed, been generally celebrated with a splendor and solemnity becoming the opulence and dignity of this very ancient corporation. But there were this year some circumstances that gave to this particular return of it, a peculiar and exclusive energy.

At ten o'clock in the afternoon, several of the Aldermen, with the Sheriffs, waited upon the *Mayor elect*, and walked in procession to the *late Mayor's*, with each
of

of whom they took some refreshment. Then they proceeded in their carriages to the hall in the market, passing under a triumphal arch, which was most ingeniously constructed and covered with evergreens, decorated with flowers and surmounted with battlements, concealing a music gallery, where a band played while the court passed under it. On their arrival at the hall, they were joined by several of the Common Council: thence the Corporation, attended by two corps of Volunteers, and preceded by the city-regalia, officers, and music, went in procession to the cathedral. As soon as the whole reached the grand gate, the Volunteers stationed themselves on each side, presented arms, and the Officers saluted as the Corporation passed into the church, which, according to very ancient custom, was strewed with the *sweet sedge* (*calamus aromaticus*). On their returning from the cathedral, a pause was made
 opposite

opposite the great door of the *City Free-School*, where one of the scholars delivered an oration in the Latin language. Although I was too far removed from the scene of delivery to hear more than a very small part of the address, yet, as such orations are always the composition of the master, it is unquestionable that it was much to the point, the present preceptor who presides over that ancient foundation, possessing every sterling requisite for the situation.

We then followed the magistrates to the hall, and found drawn up in the market-place, in which the hall stands, the *Corps of Norwich Light Horse* — The members of that very excellent troop appeared in new uniforms on the occasion, and made both a military and splendid appearance.

The Right Worshipful the Mayor was
then

then sworn (the second time) into office as Mayor for the year ensuing, with the usual solemnities. After receiving from the *late Mayor* the *Sword of Justice* and the *City Maces*, which were delivered over to the proper officers, he addressed his fellow-citizens.

But before I give you the purport of his speech, which I have here copied from a better document than my own inadequate recollection, I must explain in some degree to you, one of those circumstances of exclusive consideration, which excepts this ceremony I am now describing from the rotation anniversaries of common *Guild-days*.

This gentleman had served the office of Mayor thirty years before the present date of his entering into office: at which time the *Steward of the Corporation*, whose duty it now was to give him the admoni-

admonitory lecture, as to the importance of the office he had just been invested with, and who was sagely to expound to him the high charge of his magisterial trust, was little more than born; and, what rendered still more delicate the situation between the *learned Steward* and the *Right Worshipful Mayor* was, that the former is a younger son of the latter.— Here then was the gravity of age to be schooled by the almost unbearded Tyro: the veteran magistrate to be drilled for justice by a mere recruit in jurisprudential discipline.

You see, without farther periphrasis, the delicacy of this mixed family and corporation connection; and I should not have placed it so pointedly before your view, but for the pleasure I know you will receive at reading the manly sentiments (and hearing my report of their delivery) which honourably liberated both
parent

parent and child from such an embarrass-
ment.

They shall speak for themselves.

The Mayor Elect's Speech.

"GENTLEMEN,

"In reassuming the office of Mayor
"of this City after an interval of thirty
"years, I sensibly feel the importance of
"the trust reposed in me by my fellow-
"citizens. When I reflect on the great
"merit of my predecessor, his constant
"and active attention, not only to the
"incidental duties of his office, but to
"every object in which the interest of
"this city could be involved, or the
"public service benefitted; when I ob-
"serve how much the duties of office
"have lately encreased,—it is not without
"some diffidence and apprehension that
"I contemplate the honourable and
"arduous situation in which your par-
"tiality

"tiality has placed me. My fears are
 "however relieved, when I see surround-
 "ing me the assistance to which I can
 "always resort, and know the alacrity
 "with which that assistance is always
 "afforded. But this, Gentlemen, is not
 "my only reliance; I rely also on the
 "good disposition of my fellow-citizens;
 "that their conduct will be so peaceable
 "and regular, that it will not call on me
 "to exert the most unpleasant part of
 "my duty, to act with rigour and severity.

"It now only remains for me to pledge
 "myself to be watchful over the welfare
 "of the city, and to promote it to the
 "utmost of my power; to be attentive on
 "all occasions to its interests, and, as your
 "chief magistrate, to be guided only by
 "one principle, — to administer justice
 "with firmness and impartiality."

It was at the end of this plain and un-
 varnished address that the speaker of it
 was

was to lend the attention of the magistrate to the admonitions of the court's law-officer, that the Steward of the corporation, in his official department, was to prescribe a line of conduct to him, from whom such prescription customarily flows in the course of nature.

He thus addressed his *Father and, his Mayor* :—

The Steward's Speech to the New Mayor.

“ MR. MAYOR,

“ In the peculiar predicament in which
 “ I am now placed, it is impossible for
 “ me to address you without some re-
 “ straint; and, surely, my *silence* might
 “ be excusable, where *delicacy* equally
 “ *forbids compliment, and precludes in-*
 “ *struction.* Indeed, Sir, all that I can do
 “ on the present occasion, is merely to
 “ express publicly my participation in
 “ the general congratulations of my fel-
 “ low - citizens to one who, having long

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“ esta-

“ established the justest title to my love
 “ and duty as a parent, has now the
 “ additional claim to my respect and
 “ obedience as a magistrate. Independ-
 “ ent, Sir, of these ties, which seem
 “ almost to *command* my silence, I should
 “ deem any comment on the duties of
 “ the high and honourable situation in
 “ which you are now placed, quite super-
 “ fluous, since your own declarations suf-
 “ ficiently prove your sense of their im-
 “ portance, and your resolution to meet
 “ them with firmness and impartiality:
 “ and, as I cannot but know that the
 “ information which you must have re-
 “ ceived, on a similar occasion, from
 “ one of my learned and able predecessors,
 “ has been meliorated and improved by
 “ long and tried experience, *more than this*
 “ it would not be becoming me to say;
 “ and I should hardly have thought myself
 “ justifiable in saying *less*. Let me how-
 “ ever add, That such is your attachment
 “ to your native city; such your grati-
 “ tude

"tude for the honours you and your
 "family have long received, and still con-
 "tinue to receive from it; such your
 "wishes for its prosperity, and your desire
 "to promote it, that I may safely unite
 "in any pledge which you can offer of
 "attention to its interests; and may con-
 "fidently pronounce, that your conduct
 "in this your present Mayoralty will not
 "deviate from that which, in your first,
 "acquired you the thanks of your fel-
 "low-citizens."

Had this been spoken with any com-
 mon sensation; had it flowed from the
 lips like a common-place Westminster-
 hall venal harangue, I should not thus
 minutely have stated to you the speech
 and reply of a provincial magistrate, and
 a corporation-steward: but the affair was
 pathetic in a very affecting degree; and
 to have been fully felt, it must have been
 distinctly heard. — *T*—, who has heard
 broadsides, and gales, and hurricanes to

his full allowance, was, as well as your humble servant, dropping into the melting mood, when the same orator of the court addressed himself to the old mayor.

That very respectable magistrate and manufacturer had gone through his year of service, which was by no means a year of tranquillity, with most exemplary propriety. In the course of it, particular circumstances had twice called him into the presence of his Sovereign, and each time he had modestly declined the proffered honour of Knighthood. He received the complimentary address of the Steward with that frank and unembarrassed acceptance of the heart, which incontestably proved that truth dictated the offer of thanks, and truth justified the honest self-application of them.

The

*The Steward's Speech to the Old or Deputy-
Mayor.*

“ MR. DEPUTY MAYOR,

“ Had you not, Sir, during the period
“ in which you have been our chief
“ magistrate, received at various times,
“ and on various occasions, the thanks
“ of your fellow-citizens, I should have
“ thought myself bound at this time to
“ have enumerated the particular in-
“ stances in which you had deserved
“ their approbation ; but, Sir, it has been
“ your peculiar good fortune to have
“ anticipated the usual applause of this
“ day ; and the public have announced
“ their sense of your merit before this court
“ could have any opportunity of uniting
“ in our testimony. We are now there-
“ fore called upon to declare publicly
“ our concurrence in the gratitude al-
“ ready expressed, and to assure you, Sir,
“ that we esteem your conduct deserving
“ general commendation. Your atten-

"tion to the police of this city was
 "evinced at the very commencement of
 "your Mayoralty, by causing such in-
 "structions to be given to the subordinate
 "peace-officers as not only informed
 "them of their duties, but enabled the
 "magistrate, with greater facility to en-
 "quire into the due and exact discharge
 "of them; and, in all the functions of
 "magistracy, whether justice was to be
 "administered, the peace of the city to
 "be preserved, or the internal regula-
 "tions regarded, your zeal and alacrity
 "were laudably manifested. And, Sir,
 "let me not omit to mention that
 "spirited and humane attention which
 "so effectually administered to the wants
 "and comforts of our army on their
 "return from the late expedition to Hol-
 "land. Believe me, Sir, it is not within
 "these walls only that your conduct on
 "that memorable occasion has met with
 "applause; it is recorded in the hearts
 "of our officers and soldiers, and will
 "never

“ never cease to be remembered by those
 “ who experienced the beneficial effects
 “ of your indefatigable assiduity. The
 “ *Liberality* which you have displayed
 “ in your Mayoralty, equally deserves
 “ our notice ; and your endeavours to
 “ contribute to the improvement, the
 “ convenience, and the embellishment of
 “ the city, cannot have escaped our grate-
 “ ful observation. It is for such conduct,
 “ so marked, and so distinguished, that
 “ you are entitled to the thanks of this
 “ court and your fellow-citizens ; and
 “ I have great pleasure in requesting you,
 “ Sir, in their name, and in their behalf, to
 “ accept them.”

To this judicious and merited address,
 the *Old Mayor* returned a suitable and
 concise reply, and retired from the duties
 of the first magistrate, crowned by popular
 applause, and, what is more precious still,
 by self-approbation.

The New Mayor had now another trial of affection to sustain:—The Volunteer Cavalry, who paraded in view of the court, was commanded by another of his sons; and, if the civil reputation of his family was ably and delicately promoted by the Steward, the military defence of the city was honourably demonstrated in the corps of the Colonel; and, as far as provincial exertion could contribute to national security and national regulation, the honest pride of this respectable family must have met its full and merited gratification.

The two infantry corps, equally distinguished by their laudable loyalty, promptitude of manœuvre, and decorum of deportment, fired in honour of the day, and it now remained to adjourn to the other splendid hall of the city, to a building and a feast that would be worthy of the magistracy of any capital in Europe, or upon the earth.

Saint

Saint Andrew's Hall.

This very beautiful structure, which was formerly the monastery-church of the *Black Friars*, or *Benedictine Monks*, is fifty yards long and thirty wide: as it was filled with the nobility and gentry, and all the females of fashion in the county, you will not be surprized that the sumptuous board accommodated upwards of three hundred persons. The treat was Britishly substantial, replete with every delicacy, elegantly arranged in its tables and courses, and its honours administered with precision and liberality.

Towards the conclusion of dinner, a tall stentor-lunged beadle of the court, proclaimed that the Old Mayor drank the health of his successor; that is, when translated, it amounts to as much:

“ Mifter Mar drinks a health tur the

G 5

“ Noow

“Noow Alest”—in good, sound, broad, monotonous Norfolk.

The splendor, decorum, profusion, hilarity, numbers, dignities of this magiftrical festival, aided by the harmonious accompanymments of the city and military-bands, were graced by the fairest forms of this *East Anglian* region of beauty, intermixed with a gallant band of associated Icenian patriots, and the spacious edifice adorned with the well-executed portraits of its successive chief magistrates.

I shall conclude my account of this elegant and modern exhibition of the eighteenth century, by a paragraph extracted from the little *Norfolk Tour* I have mentioned before, and which shall accompany this letter to town, for the amusement of yourself and your family, so justly beloved by you, and so cordially esteemed by me.

“The

“ The Earls of Northumberland and
 “ Huntingdon, the Lords Thomas
 “ Howard and Willoughby, with many
 “ other Nobles and Knights, being on a
 “ visit to the Duke of Norfolk in 1561,
 “ *the Mayor* invited them and their ladies
 “ to the *Feast*; who all expressed the
 “ highest satisfaction at their generous
 “ reception. — After dinner Mr. John
 “ Martin, a wealthy and honest man of
 “ Norwich, made the following speech :—

“ Maister Mayor of Norwich, and it
 “ please your Worship, you have feasted
 “ us like a King—God blefs the Queen’s
 “ Grace—we have fed plentifully—and
 “ now, whilom I can speak plain Eng-
 “ lish, I heartily thank you Maister
 “ Mayor; and so do we all. — Answer,
 “ boys, answer: your *beer* is pleasant and
 “ potent, and will soon catch us by the
 “ caput, and stop our manners. And so
 “ huzza for the Queen’s Majesty’s Grace,
 “ and all her *bonny brow’d* Dames of
 G 6 “ Honour.

" Honour. Huzza for Maister Mayor,
 " and our good Dame Mayoress.—His
 " Noble Grace (*of Norfolk*) there he is,
 " God bless him, and all this jolly com-
 " pany.—To all our friends round county,
 " who have a penny in their purse, and
 " an English heart in their bodies to keep
 " out Spanish Dons and Papists with
 " their faggots to burn our whiskers.—
 " Shove it about, twirl your cap-cases,
 " handle your jugs, and huzza for
 " Maister Mayor and his Brethren their
 " Worship."

There was not a particle of less jolly
 sincerity in the feast of 1800, although
 chastized by the correcting civilization of
 modern refinement. Indeed, the most
 delicious wines of the continent super-
 seded the circulation of his Worship's
beer, so pleasant and potent: and as, in the
 little book from whence you have this
 extract, you will see that the sum total of
 expence amounted to *one pound twelve*
shillings

shillings and nine-pence, you may be well assured that *three hundred times* that sum would not liquidate the charges of this recent entertainment.

In the evening we were escorted by our attentive host and his elegant family to the *Assembly-Rooms*, whether the greater party of the dinner gentlemen, and nearly all the ladies, had repaired. — The simplicity of commercial and substantial elegance was here profusely displayed; not in the decorations of ornamental frippery; not in the Gallic festoonery of daubing and embellishment (for the *rooms* are merely rooms) but in the fashionable habiliments of the company, the well-regulated decorum of the ball, and the unusually accurate band that put in motion the agile limbs, and gave, if possible, an added animation to the eyes of the Icenian sparklers.

His

His Worship's *wine, so pleasant and potent*, had so animated the countenance, and so lubricated the veteran limbs of your friend *T—*, that he very gallantly accepted the challenge of his relation's eldest daughter to lead down a dance; and he performed so much to his partner's, his own, and all our satisfaction, that our old and amiable campaigner was fairly caught, and the elastic East Anglian would not let him off, under a treble repetition of his good humoured exertions. — With a grace most manly, and a frankness most amiable, he then led her to the tea-room, where a brother sailor (no unworthy representative of what *T—* was at the same time of life) was no unwilling successor for the dance of the evening: in fact, the younger tar was the destined partner for that day, and, probably, for life; but the prevalent jollity of the festival had robbed him for a moment of a hand that will bless him (I hope) for years. — At surrendering the command of the frigate,
T—

T— gaily (but aside) observed to him,
 “Take her, my boy; she’s a tight vessel, in
 “good trim, and an excellent sailor; I like
 “her because she is not over-canvassed:
 “my cousin will ballast her well, and she
 “cannot be in better hands than you, my
 “honest fellow. I think I proved my metal
 “to-night; but I’m sure she would carry
 “too many guns for me.”

A gentleman in the uniform of the *Norwich Infantry Volunteers*, who had just joined us, now whispered in my ear, that *Cotillons* were just going to begin, and desired to know whether I wished to dance. As I had neither skill nor *penchant* for that juvenile quadrille, I replied in the negative: upon which he invited me to a *contre* dance of a different description, and adjourned to the bottle. This son of Mirth, Bacchus, and Glee, was, it seems, from the airy pranks of his youthful days, with more severity of application than propriety of description,
 dif-

distinguished by the appellation of *Satan*. Never, however, was there, I should think, a more disingenuous, or a more unmerited *misnomer*, unless it be *satanical* to be a *devilish* pleasant, polite, and festive companion; and unless to be cheerful is *hellish*, and to be companionable is *diabolical*. To the traits of true hilarity of countenance, he united the fascinations of a melodious voice, and warbled freely the jocund strains of Morris and Dibdin. The moment was brilliant, and the glass somewhat rapid; but vivacity did not overleap discretion. The song up stairs corresponded with the dance below, and the floor and the roof were in unison.

Our *satanical bon vivant*, having obliged us by reiterated *chançons*, demanded my ditty. Fortunately for T—'s amusement, I had a few days before tacked two humble stanzas to our old favourite air of "God save the King," which were peculiarly *apropos* to the juncture of this jolly evening;

ing; and having my old sailor messmate on one side of me, and my *devilish* bumper-mate on the other, I offered the little tribute of a royal muse, in the following couplets:—

I.

Health to each soldier bold
Who's for great George enroll'd;
Far be his glory told.
God save the King!

2.

Health to each trusty tar
Who so well wins the war:
Sound, sound his glory far.
Long live the King!

You would think your old crony was vain of his poetry and prowess, were he to display to you the *encores*, the *chorusses*, and the *applaudisements* of this trifling *jeu de chanson*.

LETTER

LETTER X.

Yarmouth, 1st July, 1800.

DEAR SIR,

WE have extended our excursion farther into the country, and should have done so to its most splendid habitation of princely elegance, had not a very melancholy incident in the family of that celebrated palace, rendered it improper, and, indeed, impossible to view it under so lamentable a circumstance of domestic affliction.

The beauties of *Holkham*, the magnificent mansion of the *Leicester* family, from whom it descended to its present respectable proprietor, cannot now charm any eye, however inquisitively curious, that is attached to a mind of compassionate reflection. The amiable and benevolent matron that presided with so much honour

honour and *elegance* over that superb establishment, has lately relinquished all earthly enjoyments, and is departed for that scene of justice and remuneration, where manifold virtues cannot fail to be compensated with the merited reward of permanent felicity.

This dignified, although untitled house, has experienced a twofold calamity: the amiable son-in-law of *Mr. Coke* was fatally and accidentally destroyed in the moment of youth and health, and in the possession of honour and prosperity, by the bursting of his fowling-piece, in pursuit of field-diversion. The young *Lord Andover*, in delivering his gun to the hand of his servant, a faithful adherent, from some unlucky touch of the trigger, received the deadly contents in his breast, and after suffering excruciating torture with a most manly resignation, paid the last and very painful debt of nature, under the roof of his matrimonial parents. The afflicted

afflicted mother of the widowed mourner has but for a few short months survived the shock, which plunged two families into bitterest distress ; and the firm and fortified mind of a husband and a father, has sustained the complicated struggle of repeated deprivation.

No words that my pen can presume to affect, can so pointedly paint to you the deportment of this anguished character as the plain and simple narrative of the provincial-paper, in the detail of *Mrs. Coke's* interment : the solemnity, the sublimity of that pious ceremonial, is so contrasted by its village-decency and rustic superiority, with the slovenly rites of the capital on such occasions, and meets so appositely the ideas expressed, in my letters to *Lord B.* on this subject, that I cannot refrain from extracting for your perusal the account of

MRS. COKE'S FUNERAL.

“ On Monday last, the remains of Mrs.
Coke,

“Coke, the virtuous wife of Thomas
 “William Coke, Esq. of Holkham, were
 “deposited in the family-vault, at Tit-
 “tleshall, in this county.

“This awful and afflicting duty was
 “performed by her disconsolate husband
 “*in person*, assisted and supported by *Lord*
 “*Sherborne*, the elder brother, and by
 “Thomas Anson, Esq. son-in-law to the
 “deceased, together with the attendance
 “of a numerous concourse of sincerely
 “sympathizing friends and neighbours.
 “All expressions of grief in this vale of
 “tears, when controuled by submission to
 “the will of Heaven, form the just tribute
 “of approbation to departed virtue. The
 “recognition of the sublime virtues of
 “the deceased, could not fail to draw
 “(as it did draw) copious and sympathiz-
 “ing tears of devotion and grief from all
 “the assisting congregation of friends;
 “such virtues being most worthy of their
 “praise, and of their imitation.”

Most

Most certainly I should not obtrude any superfluous remark of my own after the above concise and pathetic eulogium, had I not, since the ceremony, seen some most respectable parties, who have assured and convinced me that such eulogium has never been, in any high instance, of a more merited claim, or a more exalted feminine and matronly pretension. One very intelligent and amiable spectator of this interesting exhibition of devotional affection to the memory of lost excellence, assured us that the scene was of the most awful, and, at the same time, most fascinating description: *he*, whose deprivation was the greatest, was scarcely suffered to be the leader in the cordial testimony of funeral respect: all hearts, and all eyes present rivalled the eye and the heart of their amiable and esteemed neighbour: the pang and the tear were as unexceptionably general as they were spontaneously genuine.

From this decorous tribute of reverence to hallowed and departed virtue, let me
wrest

wrest your attention to the continuance of our excursion. — It being impossible, under circumstances such as I have related, to pay our wished-for visit to that afflicted mansion of splendour, *T*— called upon me for the performance of my promise, made in town, pledging myself that whatever pleasures and treats might court our wishes and attention, I would accompany him to *one village* of this county, which he never mentions without that animated energy which is so congenial to his zeal, and so honourable to his heart.

This is the *little village* of *Cockthorpe*. You see by Mr. Beatniffe's elegant little *Manual Tour*, which I sent you, that this village, containing three houses *only* and *exactly*, produced from each individual house its great and celebrated admiral :— From one proceeded *Sir Christopher Mimms*; the second furnished *Sir John Narborough*; and from the third arose that splendid character, *Sir Cloudestly Shovel*.

Your

Your old friend T— being arrived on this minute spot of illustriously nautical-biography, hailed it, in his energetic way, with a *cheer* appropriately devoted to the venerable *memories* of his predecessor tars. This, he exclaimed, my dear old messmate, is, as you called *Garrick's Temple* the other day in coming down the Thames, *Classic Ground*: and, as I know your admired, *Shakespear* is not more precious in your esteem than the heroes of the *British Flag*, I am sure you will join me in the true pleasure I feel at visiting the darling village. He called it the *Cradle of the Sea-Gods*, and repeated, with infinite glee, the dogrel rhimes of the *Mayor* at *Torbay*, who received *Sir Cloudestly* upon landing at *Brixham*, with the well-known couplet of

“*Sir Cloudestly Shovel*, thou *God of the Sea*,

“Welcome to us and to *Brixham* (quay) key.”

We rode round each house, penetrated every lane and angle of his favourite village, dismounted, walked, laughed, talked, remounted, renewed our visitation
and

and our veneration ; and when we quitted the magical scene of this rapture and reverence, his farewell - look and parting benediction was worthy the pencil of a *Westall*, and the admiration and the tear of any spectator. At length, a groupe of *puerile* peasants coming in our way, he gave them individually a proof of his generosity ; patted each of them on the head ; bid them learn the history of *Cockthorpe* from their parents, or the parson, or any body that could inform them ; and then, turning to me, said, *who knows but some of these children may become British admirals !* for he informs me that two of the illustrious *Cockthorpe - Trio*, were unquestionably *shepherd's boys*.

I should not have dwelt so minutely on this part of our excursion, but that, as you know the man, and indeed possess no small share of a similar enthusiasm upon some points, I have been somewhat circumstantial in my anecdote. By the

H

bye,

bye, what is life worth without a portion of this electrical fire, to animate the occurrences of human existence! — A fine spark of this vivifying fire flashed across the mind and the countenance of T—, after some moments of serious meditation upon our quitting *Cockthorpe*. Breaking at once from his rather *sombre reverie*, “But,” he exclaimed, “although we must bid “ adieu to this precious spot, let us re-
 “ collect how very near to us, and almost
 “ within our view, is the birth-place and
 “ the boy-habitation of the gallant and
 “ victorious Nelson!”—The consolation derived from this generous tribute to the living admiral, replaced composure on our brows, and softened a sensation, which, but for that qualification, would have been more permanent and more painful.

We afterwards, in our way hither, spent a delectable evening at the airy and improving little bathing-place of Cromer;
 for

for particulars about which, I refer you to the above-mentioned little book of our Norwich Bookseller, not chusing to make you read from my pen what you will find much better done in his print: he has been not a little useful to former *Tourists*, even up to *copied pages*. But compilation gives both relief and a joy to composition. There is, however, a gentleman in this county of the name of *Bartell*, who has *composed*, and not *peculated*, a history of this town, which possesses considerable merit.

We returned to *Yarmouth* coastwise; and as there never was a more uninteresting ride, I shall not fatigue you with a detail of what, but for the mutual satisfaction in friendly conversation, would have been sufficiently fatiguing to us in the execution.

Dear Sir,

yours, &c.

LETTER XI.

Yarmouth, 20th July, 1800.

DEAR SIR,

YESTERDAY our friend T— and I were very highly gratified by dining with a very numerous company of the farmers of this neighbourhood; having experienced the hospitality of the families of this very hospitable town, we had occasionally seen at some of them a few of their neighbours, who occupy Norfolk or Suffolk farms in this vicinity.

As you know my predilection for this useful and respectable class, you will guess with what pleasure I repaired to their market-day ordinary, at the good old, wholesome ward-room dinner-hour,—one o'clock.

With

With appetites well-whetted, and cheeks well-rouged, and as well-bronzed by the breezes of the North Sea shores, seated at a long and well-filled table, I found five-and-thirty of these found hearts and sturdy props of Britain's ploughshare pride and pre-eminence.—At the head was placed a figure of most attractive respectability, and a fine sample of that frank yeoman liberal deportment which characterizes the more substantial order of our English farmers.

To the athletic proportions of manly symmetry, was united the amiable *contour* of a well-featured face; he had passed the meridian of life, as the graceful scattering of sober-grey had superseded the youthful brown of his earlier age. *Farmer Hunt* (for so was named our venerable president at the *Bear over the bridge*) is a man of considerable landed property, a corn-merchant, and a farmer; his reputation is as pure as his person is prepossessing; and he presides amidst the

weekly groupe of his neighbours and brother-cultivators, asks the toast with a regularity of attention, and circulates it like a social friend to good fellowship and the bottle.

The corps was well - worthy of their meritorious commander ; for, never have I seen a table of more plain and pleasant guests. The conversation was more agricultural than political ; and mirth and good humour were the order of the day.

There is a certain something, extremely fascinating in beholding men of plain and solid manners retaining the possession and the practice of the primæval, unadorned simplicity, which the refinements of a court do not exceed, and the influence of camps cannot alter or corrupt. Substantial plenty crowned this happy board, and an unaffected cheerfulness gave a satisfactory zest to this weekly and neigh-

neighbourly association of industry and independence.

As these props and ornaments of society are a race that "*keep on the even tenor of their way*," the assemblage was not such as to furnish me with particulars of anecdote or incident for your perusal; therefore, I shall only remark to you, that after some toasts of a local tendency, and others, in which neighbouring gentlemen and the heroes of the North Sea fleet were remembered, and after having whipped twice for a few more bottles, these estimable characters mounted their horses and tax-carts to resume their industrious career of useful employment in the paradise of their respective villages, and the bosom of their innocent families.

Upon our return to our lodgings, T— found a letter which requires his presence in Surry without delay; therefore, I shall forthwith resign the pleasure of scribbling

to you, which will be superseded by the greater pleasure still I shall have in seeing you. However, as I have the evening before me, and I have already written the remainder of my sentiments to Lord B. I shall enclose them in this letter, that you may be in complete possession of my way of treating that subject, previous to our farther considering it under your roof and over your veteran port.

As you will naturally imagine I cannot have been so many days in the neighbourhood of the illustrious scene of *Duncan's* glory, without indulging my usual enthusiasm upon the old theme of our naval successes; and as you ever listen with a partial ear to the feeble chantings of my humble muse, I shall transcribe a few stanzas written over a *tête à tête* glass of punch at *T—*'s desire, and for his amusement. The subject which ever animates him, no less arrests your frequent attention and feeling; therefore (friendship and your
wonted

wonted partiality out of the question) it would be superfluous to offer apologies, or solicit mercy for a moderate composition, the very names contained in which will compensate for its numerous and obvious demerits,

YARMOUTH'S GLORY!

A SONG.

I.

GALLANT tars of high renown,
You who serv'd and sav'd your King,
Great news, great news from Camperdown:
Listen to the tale I sing.

II.

'Twas when the north-west briskly blew,
And the Northern Main ran high,
Trollope's signal gaily flew,
De Winter and his fleet are nigh.

III.

Quickly to the mast-head bend
The chacing-signal, Duncan cry'd;
Britain's thunder soon we'll send
To humble yonder Dutchman's pride.

IV.

Loose ev'ry sail, fill ev'ry heart
 And ev'ry nerve for vict'ry brace;
 Our light'ning at the foe we dart:
 Away, my hearts, *the gen'ral chase!*

V.

Batavia's sons in black array,
 Sternly their gallant foes await;
De Winter proudly fights the day;
 'Tis flash for flash, and fate for fate.

VI.

Responsive thunder rends the sky,
 Old Ocean reddens in his flood;
 Alternate heroes bleed and die,
 'Tis ball for ball, and blood for blood!

VII.

Now many a *Farnier, Faulkner, Hood,*
 Intomb'd in briny honour, sleep;
 And many a *Burgefs* brave and good,
 The pride and treasure of the deep!

VIII.

By our *Drake's* immortal name;
 By our *Ruffel's* honour'd shade;
 By our *Hawke's* more recent fame;
 By the tribute *Gardener* paid!

By

IX.

By *Lockart*, and his *Tartar* crew ;
 By our laurell'd *Rodney's* brow ;
 By the praise to *Jervis* due ;
 By *Hood*, by *Hotham*, and by *Howe* !

X.

Oh, father Neptune, as thy car
 Glides along o'er tribute waves,
 Honour the heroes of thy war,
 Souls that never would be slaves !

XI.

Such were the tars we shew'd of yore,
 The same the tars that now we boast,
 Who flogg'd the Spaniard o'er and o'er,
 And chac'd Monsieur from coast to coast.

XII.

How our *very boys* have fought,
 Tell it, Fame, from shore to shore ;
 To laurels that our *Berrys* brought ;
 Our *Cooks* and *Coglans* crown the store.

XIII.

Nelson bows the brilliant band,
 Norfolk's boast and Egypt's tar ;
 Neptune and *Nelson* guard the land,
 And British hearts assert the war !

XIV

Deep in some degen'rate breasts
 Had rude rebellion struck its root ;
 But Britain still in freedom rests,
 Freedom's of loyalty the fruit.

XV.

For many a circling year we'll sing
 The chequer'd chances of this war,
 In triumph toast our patriot King,
 Our King ! and ev'ry trusty tar !

XVI.

This tribute trophy of a song,
 A *Triton* hand and trusty heart
 Gives to the gallant naval throng,
 Of which he forms the humblest part.

XVII.

Now to *Duncan* bumpers deep,
 And bumpers deep to *Duncan's* dear,
 May all our tars like laurels reap,
 Crush the foe, carefs the fair !

After passing a few days in town, I mean
 to enjoy a little autumn-air at a distance
 from the capital. During that fresh trip,
 I will resume my erratic chit-chat-com-
 munications

munications of any little occurrences that may contribute to amuse your amiable family-circle ;—and now I shall give you the residue of my address to Lord B.

LETTER XII.

TO LORD B*****

MY LORD,

ALL that has been said in my two former letters was conducive to prove that religious observances, to be popular, must be pleasing : in the English church there is full and safe latitude for rendering them of this attractive description.

To throw open the shops, to throng the markets, to illuminate and crowd the theatres, to advertise balls, to assemble at horse-races and cock-fights, to drive herds

herds of beasts to and from Smithfield, and a hundred other operations inadmissible on a Sunday, are not here contended for, but, on the contrary, are as cordially reprobated as they could be by the gloomiest brow that ever scowled on the pleasures and pastimes of innocent and laborious man: indeed, not only common decency, but common sense and common policy discountenance all such Gallic and *decadizing* immorality and indiscrimination; because, by such departure from rational regulation, our tradesmen, marketmen, comedians, musicians, jockies, feeders, drivers and drovers, and many other *casts* of our people, would *have no day of rest*; and thus the very relaxation, reparation, and reanimation of human strength and nervous capability, here zealously insisted upon, would be radically obstructed, not efficiently promoted.

That our churches should be numerous, regularly, and spontaneously attended;

tended; that the people *en masse* should unanimously repair to the temple of our God; that all ranks should have comfortable ingress and unexceptionable accommodation; that no ugly and nauseous mementos of putrescent carcases, within the reach of a dog's nose or the snout of a hog, should drive from the hallowed precincts of sanctity the devout worshippers of Providence;—that the approving smile of the legislature, and the countenancing approbation of the magistrates should warrant, not check, the spirit of rational recreation; — that groupes of cleanly and cheerful religionists should be considered, as they really are, the best proofs of the power and prevalence of devotion, and the proudest ornaments of a country of virtue, is what all reason impels us to suggest, and what all religion cries aloud to demand.

On that proud day, my Lord, which presented our Gracious Sovereign at the
head

head of his volunteer thousands,—on that propitious morning, there were in that loyal line the most conscientious frequenters of places of public worship, men who neither fail to serve the Deity in his holy temple, nor would hesitate one moment to defend the King of our law and our faith in the field of battle; but, I must beg leave to question whether you could have mustered the amount of a captain's guard, who would refrain from reading a *Sunday newspaper*, either before or after his devotions: nay, I know many of them who would, as I myself should glory to read at the altar, and intermix with the orisons of my soul, a *Gazette* richly fraught with the sublime and heavenly truths of a *Howe*, a *Hood*, a *Hotham*, a *Jervis*, a *Duncan*, or a *Nelson*.

Away then with this puritanical plausibility! Religion blushes at it; Reason derides and disowns it! It is the monastic invention of dark and dismal policy—it
is

is contemptible and Cromwellian—farcical and fanatical—jesuitical and jacobinical—a jest, a grimace, a Jack i' the box, and a joke!

The Religion of our fathers and the King of our affections, live in the hearts of Britons of the present day. King George at the head of his fleet, King George at the head of his volunteers, is seated on the throne of Albion more firmly for those shocks which have overthrown some empires, and made others totter. The sword of this country is drawn in the name of Religion and Law:—that sword and that country will do more than secure itself; her friendship is safety, her alliance is salvation, her honour is transparent as æther, and her word is a bond for the world.

Were I to select a pattern precedent for the laudable and unexampled exhibition of divine worship, it should be the *quarter-deck*

deck of a ship of war : a sublimer scene is nowhere witnessed on shore, even in the cathedral celebration of church-service, than a *first-rate* displays when in commission and fully manned. The officers of the navy have great pride, and no less honour, in their solemn and profound veneration of the *Sabbath*. Had your Lordship been present at that solemnity as often as the writer of this letter has, it would soften down to your utmost satisfaction all apprehensions for any supposed alienation of religious ceremonies. Certainly, with all my predilection for my gallant shipmates, I will unreservedly admit, that no men are more prompt to licentiousness than the inferior orders of our seamen; unrestrained in their indulgences when in port, regardless of decorum in most situations, their order, decency, and devotion on the *Sabbath* are exclusively uniform and meritorious : and, if cleanliness is deservedly characterized as a cardinal virtue, it has, on board
of

of a crowded ship, a pre-eminent and peculiar excellence: it becomes *there* a religious virtue, and is a prime and preliminary duty, and a *sine quâ non* characteristic of the *Marine Sabbath*: the word is then passed for general cleanliness: several hundreds of hardy and gallant defenders of their country, thus assembled in associated-prayer, with their officers, who accompany them in their devotions as they lead them to glory, offer to the spectator a truly grand and interesting spectacle. It was the good fortune of the magnificent ship, in which I have spent some years of this unprecedented war, to have on board a regimental band of music; and nothing that I have seen in cathedrals on shore, in any country, bears any proportion of sublimity to that ceremonial, at once martial and religious. The renowned names so dear to every British heart, which I have before declared, I would pronounce with rapture at the altar, have, all of them, given the most animated

animated proofs of a pure and exalted sense of religion : the God of battles is the first object of a seaman's veneration in the British service ; he fights in the name of Heaven and of his country. How the inspiration operates, ask the French, the Spaniards, and the Dutch.

Now, my Lord, a word or two more, and I have done. On board our ship, after breakfast, we piped all hands for church ; after church we piped all hands to dinner ; after dinner, our grog and a newspaper, if we could get one. It made but little difference to us whether it was a *Sunday newspaper* or not ; it was pretty immaterial on what day it was printed ; let the date of it be what it would (and we must even bear the sin and the shame) we made a *Sunday paper* of it, by reading it on that day. There was likewise another circumstance that made us somewhat indifferent to such a consideration, for, let its date be whatever it might, it was

twenty

twenty to one, but it gave us the pleasure to know that Old England had drubbed the enemy.

Thus, it should seem that good cheer, sound hearts, and a periodical batch of politics are proper ingredients for the religion of the main; and, take an old fellow's word for it, my good Lord, they are no bad materials for the composition on *terra firma*. Let us then pray and be serious, and leave off and be gay: let not the eye go to Heaven without the heart; but, in the name of virtue and morality, let the heart and the soul of man expand to warrantable enjoyment on every communication with his Creator.

Never shall I forget the observation of a condemned felon in the cells of Newgate. The man was a murderer. I accompanied the lately deceased Ordinary to what is commonly called a *Condemned Sermon*. Two men who had murdered their wives
were

were to be executed on the following morning. One of them was a brute, who had literally cut the woman into pieces with a razor! he was incorrigible; and poor *Mr. Villette*, who was admirably qualified for the office he filled, found it was positively cutting a block with a razor to endeavour at making any impression on him. The other poor wretch, notwithstanding the awful horrors of his situation, had the calm collectedness and the firm spirit of a man: he listened with marked and penitential attention to all the consolations and admonitions of his spiritual comforter; went through all the ritual expiations of piety for guilt with solemnity and composure; confessed the justice of the law's decree, and was duly prepared to sustain its final execution. At taking leave of him for the last time but one, *Villette*, with a friendly attention which I shall ever remember, and never cease to respect, begged of him, as he valued the remains of reputation and his soul's

soul's serenity, not, on any account, to partake of liquor which the very indiscreet attachment of his friends might bring to his cell; for, said the worthy man, it will unsettle you; you are now well-prepared and composed, and strong drink might undo all. The poor creature zealously promised strict adherence to this pious injunction. The man had something so more than ordinarily respectable in his conduct, that I could not refrain from condoling with him under his serious circumstances. He readily informed me that his sentence was just; that he had really killed the woman; but, he protested, as a dying sinner, that he had no such intention when he began to chastize her. I meant, Sir, he said, to beat her very severely. He then proceeded to inform me, that she had been guilty of the grossest infidelities; and that he had proof of seven within a very short space of time. The weapon with which he began the fatal discipline was a broomstick, with

with which, as his wrath overpowered his discretion, he gave her some blows which demolished her. I begged to second *Mr. Villette's* request; which he faithfully promised me to comply with, and then added, with most emphatical expression, *Though you know, Sir, without a little eating and drinking, one cannot pray to God, nor do any thing else.*

Just about the time your Lordship's late bill was discussed, as I felt a strong propensity to prove to my conviction, either the alleged depravation of the people in their neglect of *Sabbath duties*, or to establish to my satisfaction their due observance of them by ocular demonstration, I took a short look at a great number of churches between Hyde-Park Corner and White-chapel Bars. The crowds I met in my way to the city, and on my return, naturally suggested to my mind of how much importance a fine and dry Sunday is to thousands

thousands of people who are closely confined all the other part of the week. A wet Sunday makes many a wet eye. Exclusively of the chagrin it occasions, and in addition to the innumerable fair faces it shrouds in sorrow, it is really and fatally the likeliest source of irreligion and immorality. The bad weather not allowing excursions to the adjoining villages, the public-houses of the town are crowded and heated; the sexes are separated: a serious and lamentable evil, as nothing contributes so much to the promotion of honourable connection, multiplied matrimonies, and the purposes of population, as a free intercourse between the younger males and females of a community. In such parties the fascinating charms of amiable young women fasten to their sides the persons, and to their hearts the affections of their captivated admirers, who, but for such superior attraction, would often sink into the fots holes of many a close, irrespirable court, amidst the ruinous potations of

ardent spirits and viscid ale, and the nauseous fumigations of narcotic and enervating tobacco.

Let it never (in the name of reason and of nature) let it never be formally urged that dangers of an immoral tendency will *generally* result from the unrestrained and mixed society of the younger and unmarried: common observation disproves the assertion. The orgies of a *Dog and Duck*, or a revival of *Jelly Shops* (a scene of turpitude suppressed before your Lordship came into the world) are not the conjunctions here alluded to: the man that would prostitute his pen in a commendation of such Bacchanalian and metreticious abominations, would merit the execration of the married and the single, the reprobation of every being of honour and morality, and expulsion, eternal expulsion, from the circles of virtue. No; groupes of gay girls, arm in arm with bands of bright blades, innocently festive and amorously social; sons and daughters
of

thing in these Letters that can give your Lordship, or any other person, offence: if I thought I had given you one uneasy sensation, or caused you one angry emotion, I would thrust my writing and my pen with indignation into the fire, and my hand after them, were it capable of writing either cruelty or calumny.

If any expressions I have used have any apparent levity, they have neither proceeded from disrespect to the subject, nor towards your Lordship, particularly on the subject of *burials*, as the disgust arising in my mind from the indecencies I have so very repeatedly beheld, is not the mere sensation of the moment, but a fixed loathing and dislike proceeding from full and repeated conviction; and I am religiously serious upon the point, when I urge the sentiments of many discreet and pious men in conformation of my own idea. It would, no doubt, be a strong measure, and somewhat opposed in its commencement
and

and execution ; but, like the beards of the Muscovites before the edict and razor of the immortal *Peter*, British prejudices would gradually submit to be shaved down by the irresistible edge of reason : the safest and surest instrument of reform.

If I were allowed to have a voice upon so important a topic, I would propose (as all effectual propositions are now with great success managed in that way) that the business should forthwith be entrusted to a committee, to be called *the Body-burning Committee*. As the most eminent characters of the country would readily enough lend it their support and counsel, I would suggest that your Lordship, Mr. W*****, and some other gentlemen who have turned their thoughts to such subjects, be members of the said committee. I will pledge myself, at the peril of being *burned before my time*, that there will be no necessity for a national

ballot upon the occasion: so obvious is the prudence and eligibility of the plan, that the members would voluntarily enroll themselves for so salutary a reformation. As it will, however, for the due furtherance of the project, be highly consistent that the liberal and enlightened promoters of it should set the example, I would wish to recommend that your Lordship, and the rest of the committee, do sign an instrument, declaratory of your determinations, to order *your bodies to be burned in a reasonable time after you have done with them.*—Long, very long, may it be before the torch is put to your Lordship's funeral pile!—at the conclusion of an old, a happy, and an honoured life, may your flame ascend to Heaven, the herald of those virtues that will there take up their eternal abode!

As a Secretary will be necessary, I presume the honourable committee will nowhere find a more zealous and disinterested

interested one than I am—therefore, I recommend myself:—If there is somewhat too much of the *sibi fecit* in such *foi disant* recommendation, I beg to state that my partiality for this amelioration of sepulchral police is purely patriotic; for, independently of my not caring whether my carcase be devoured by sharks, worms, dogs, or hogs, I have the chance to be proprietor of a family-vault of no inconsiderable accommodation, where, although I should repose in less sumptuous state than in the Grosvenor Cemetery, yet I should be quite snug, and inviolably secure.

At all events, although it may seem somewhat critical to risk the experiment, I strongly recommend that we begin by soliciting the *ladies*—and this on two accounts: in the first place, Because of their notorious candour, and their love for their country; and, next, Because, although they make a wry face or two, and
scream

scream once or twice, yet, in the end,
 we may safely venture to assure ourselves
 that the delicacy no less than good sense
 of the sex, will decide in favour of ignition
 against dissection. But, more especially,
 nay most especially, the liberal and learned
 ladies, who have lately and greatly obliged
 and improved the world by their *political*
works; these fair ornaments of liberal
 science, superior to and untainted by any
 vulgarisms of sexual squeamishness, will
 promptly acquiesce in our plan; as in
 life they have been slaves to no nice
 femalities of pitiful prejudice, so at their
 deaths, they would aspire to have their
 obsequies blazoned by a celebration
 analogous to the bright flame of their
 existing and useful career: let then their
 honourable and characteristic pile be com-
 posed of their animated and illuminated
 publications; and, as all reasonable people
 must devoutly desire that their final
 honour may be as brilliant as possible,
 and the blaze of their catastrophe corres-
 pondent

pondent to the glare of their glory, it will be readily admitted, that the more of their works that are consumed with the amiable proprietors, the better !

The mention of these renowned benefactresses to society and morality, naturally enough leads us to a circle of the softer sex, of a no less generous and a much more numerous description : a department disinterestedly devoted to the solace, and, in some degree, martyred by the caprice of mankind. When not influenced by the operation of the juniper, no class of his Majesty's subjects are more benevolently disposed to the public happiness and accommodation ; and they will, unquestionably have few scruples about our funeral process, as people are observed to be less terrified at the elements of fire, who have been long habituated to its effects ; and, in the case of the parties now under consideration, the above mentioned *juniper*, together with other circumstances attached

to

to their *cast* of life, must have inured them to contemplate conflagration with the steadiest and most stoical serenity.

• In short, the benefits arising from this antipestilential annihilation of mortal remains, are too notorious and too numerous to be confined to this letter, already exceeding epistolary limits, and trespassing unrestrainedly on your Lordship's patience. The object of it has been to divert the attention from frivolous points of unimportant reform to a requisite regulation of atrocious abuses; to direct the wishes for *Sunday solemnity* to the real causes that may promote that laudable end, that the blessed *day of rest* may not be perverted to a day of *stupidity and gloom*, more depressing to the mind, and more destructive to the health than the toils of the week are exhausting to the spirits and the body.

“Quod caret alternâ requie durabile non est.”

So far from the writer entertaining a wish

with or a hope to abridge ceremonials of religion, he is sincerely of opinion that our prayers and thanksgivings should be diurnal rather than hebdomadal; that the access to our places of worship should be frequent as well as easy; and that man should not proceed to the labours or enjoyments of the day without the preparation of *morning-worship*; such worship to be practicable, should be brief as well as frequent; such familiarity of daily devotion would naturally have a more salutary influence than a thousand compulsory, overstrained, fanatical formalities; and no country could exhibit a more enchanting spectacle of religious decorum than that of the *higher orders* inviting (not impelling) the *subordinate classes* to imitation, by their presence and example!

I am, my Lord,
 (Sunday Newspapers out of the question)
 with the most spontaneous
 and perfect respect,
 your Lordship's obedient Servant.

Adieu, my dear friend, till I see you—
I shall pop upon you in a night or two
at the club. — Now, then, and through
my life,

I am yours most sincerely.

THE END.

G. AULD, Printer,
Greville-Street, London.



ERRATA.

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74, — 3, *for* twey *read* 'twas
89, — 14, *for* surveying *read* surviving
106, — 12, *for* triumphal *read* triumphant
114, — 19, *for* afternoon *read* forenoon
129, — last, *for* drinks *read* drink
133, — 7, *for* whether *read* whither
135, — 5, *for* you *read* yours
137, — 4, *for* royal *read* loyal
171, — 2, *for* associations *read* association
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